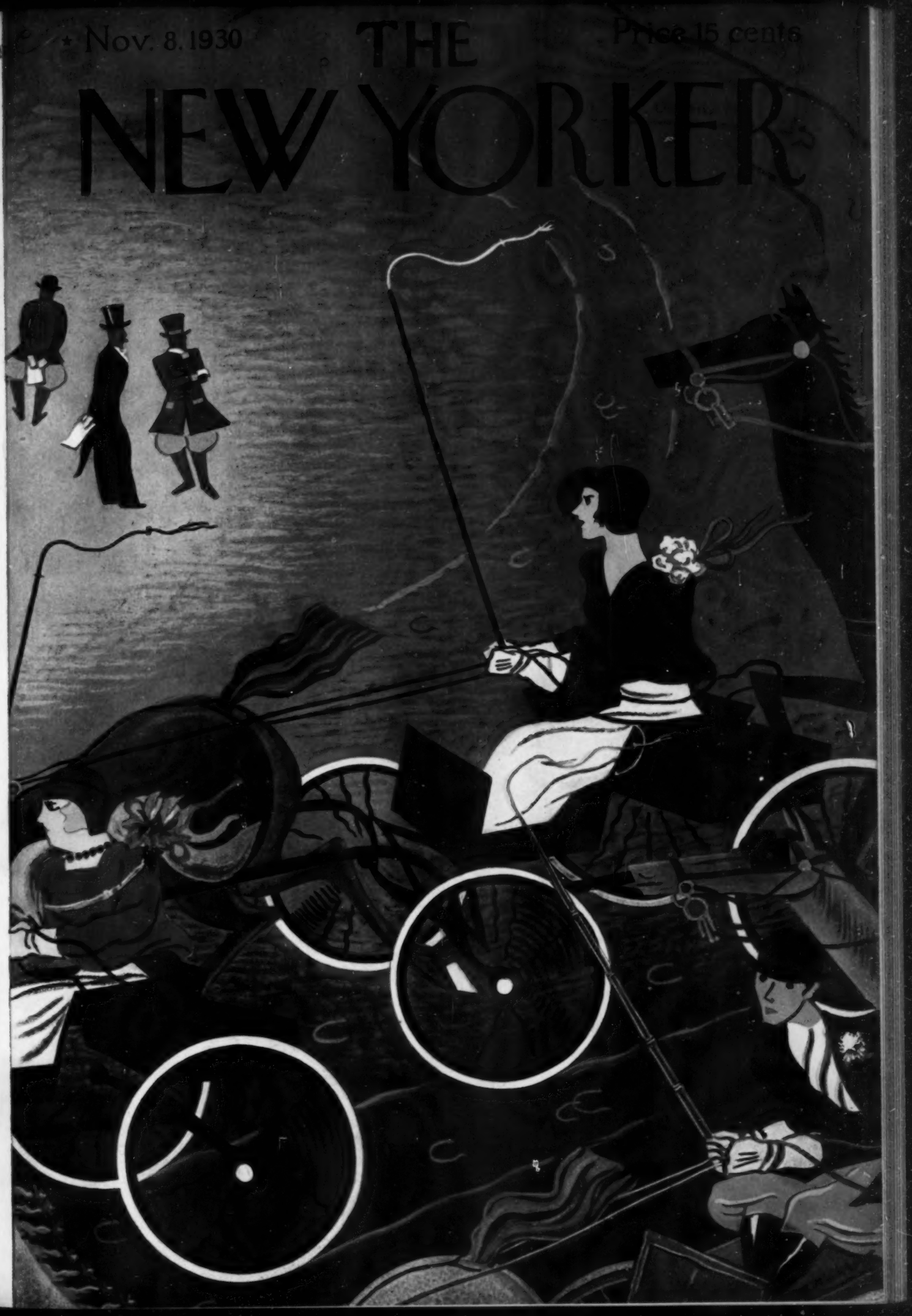
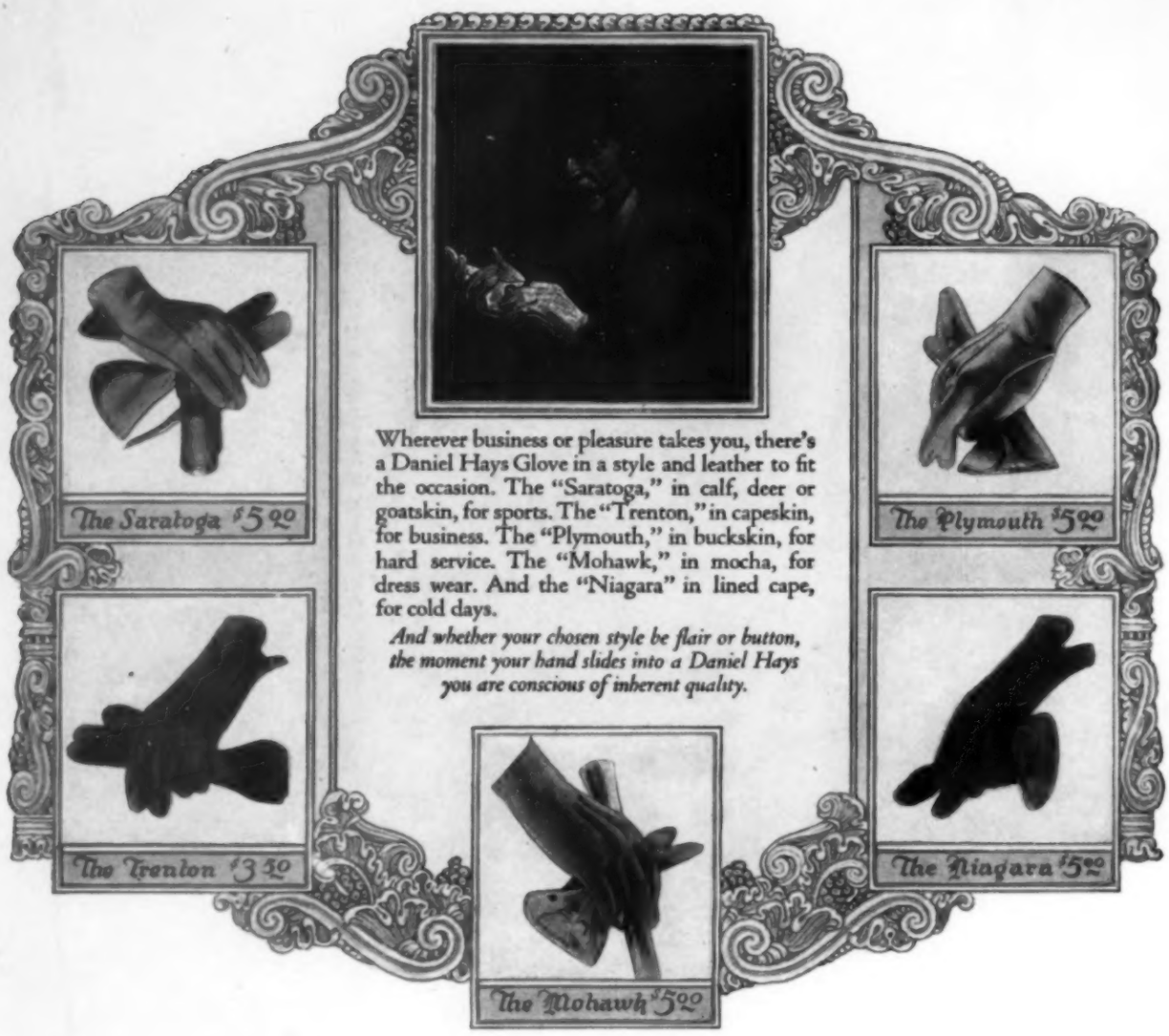
Nov. 8. 1930

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents





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That's why we couldn't and we wouldn't say that our supplies of these nice things are better than any other good shop's. No one else has any that are better than ours. Maybe they'd like to have. Maybe we'd like to have. But nobody can do it so long as gloves and handkerchiefs and stockings are matters not only of fashion, but of good quality, good workmanship and good taste.

So buy them by the way! When a matter of high fashion brings you to Hollander's, take a few minutes more to shop for accessories on our first floor instead of rushing to all points of the compass for each separate item. It's a charming place, anyway, and we've made a special point of collecting all the fine things you need in one not-too-large room.

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THREE EAST FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET

★

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS ESPECIALLY WORTH WHILE

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the mid-week matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

BIRD IN HAND—Drinkwater's gently amusing comedy about an English inn and its occupants returns to town. (49th Street, 49, W. Reopens Mon., Nov. 10.)

CIVIC REPERTORY—Directed by Eva Le Gallienne—"Romeo and Juliet," with Miss Le Gallienne as Juliet. (Fri., Wed., and Thurs. Eves., Nov. 7, 12, and 13.) . . . "Siegfried," from the French of Jean Giraudoux, with Jacob Ben-Ami. (Sat. and Thurs. Mats., Nov. 8 and 13; Fri. Eve., Nov. 14.) . . . "The Cradle Song," Sierra's tender little play. (Sat. Eve., Nov. 8.) . . . "The Three Sisters," Chekhov's play well presented. (Mon. and Tues. Eves., Nov. 10 and 11.) . . . "Peter Pan," revival of the Barrie fantasy. (Sat. Mat., Nov. 15.) . . . "The Lady from Alfaqueque" and "The Green Cockatoo." (Sat. Eve., Nov. 15.) (Civic Repertory, 14, W. of 6 Ave. 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.)

THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT—Life among the kept women, with some pretty funny banter but not much else. (Harris, 42, W.)

THE GREEN PASTURES—Marc Connelly's beautiful Old Testament epic told in terms of an old Negro's imagination. The best thing of the year. (Mansfield, 47, W. 8:30 P.M. Extra Mat., Fri., Nov. 7.)

LADIES ALL—An ardent seeker discovers perfect love, but has to find who provided it. With Violet Heming and Walter Woolf. (Bijou, 45, W.)

LYSISTRATA—Good hearty slapstick from the Greek of Aristophanes, with good hearty sex as its theme. The players include Blanche Yurka and Ernest Truex. (44th Street, 44, W. 8:40 P.M.)

MRS. MOONLIGHT—A story, not so quaint as it sounds, of how a young girl grew old and still looked like a young girl. Very nice. Cast headed by Edith Barrett, Sir Guy Standing, and Haidee Wright. (Charles Hopkins, 49, E. Extra Mat. Tues., Nov. 11.)

ON THE SPOT—Edgar Wallace's broadside wallop at the Chicago gangsters, mixed in with some good buckeye melodrama. Crane Wilbur as the racketeer who went too far, and Anna May Wong as his temporary gal. (Forrest, 49, W.)

ONCE IN A LIFETIME—A very funny, and very bitter, assault on Hollywood and its methods, with Hugh O'Connell, Jean Dixon, and one of the authors, Mr. G. S. Kaufman. (Music Box, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

ROAR CHINA!—The Theatre Guild's startling production of a propaganda play from Russia. The propaganda part, dealing with China's case against the White Dog Invader gets a little tedious, but there is always a real, big battleship to look at and real water to hear splash. Worth seeing. (Martin Beck, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

STRICTLY DISHONORABLE—Light comedy which might have been salacious if it weren't so nice and clean. Easily the best of its class. (Avon, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

THAT'S GRATITUDE—Frank Craven isn't as embarrassed in this as usual, but he makes an appealing character out of a house guest who extends his visit just a bit too long. (Golden, 58, E. 8:40 P.M. Mats. 2:40 P.M.)

TORCH SONG—The story of how Love survived Religion, with Mayo Methot as the Salvation Army lass who tried both. (Plymouth, 45, W. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

TWELFTH NIGHT—Shakespeare's comedy brought to life by Jane Cowl. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. 8:40 P.M.)

UP POPS THE DEVIL—Some very funny lines indeed, set in a fairly conventional comedy of young married misunderstandings. Roger Pryor, Albert Hackett, and Sally Bates are in a fine cast. (Masque, 45, W.)

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 7, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15]

WITH MUSIC

BROWN BUDDIES—The funniest of the Negro revues, if not the most elaborate. With Bill Robinson and Adelaide Hall. (Liberty, 42, W. Extra performance Thurs. at midnight.)

EARL CARROLL VANITIES—Jimmie Savo, Jack Benny, Herb Williams, and Patsy Kelly are four as funny people as could be crowded into one show. This particular show happens to be very dirty. (New Amsterdam, 42, W.)

FINE AND DANDY—Joe Cook in what looks like a solid year's run—and why not? Why stop at a year? (Erlanger, 44, W.)

FLYING HIGH—Bert Lahr neighing his way, amid constant screams from the audience, through a good musical show which boasts a DeSylva-Brown-and-Henderson score and Oscar Shaw. (Apollo, 42, W.)

GIRL CRAZY—Some Gershwin tunes, very well handled, and a book which doesn't get in the way of Willie Howard's comedy. Ginger Rogers, Allen Kearns, William Kent, and Ethel Merman also assist. (Alvin, 52, W.)

NINA ROSA—A good, robust musical comedy about Peru, with voices, dancing, and an occasional laugh. Guy Robertson, Ethelind Terry, Leonard Ceeley, and Armida are among those present. (Majestic, 44, W.)

PRINCESS CHARMING—Tons of money put to good advantage in making a romantic musical comedy a pleasure to look at. With Evelyn Herbert, Victor Moore, Robert Halliday, George Grossmith, and especially Jeanne Aubert. (Imperial, 45, W.)

THREE'S A CROWD—Something smart and delightful in revues, with Clifton Webb, Libby Holman, and Fred Allen to make it top. (Selwyn, 42, W. Mat. Thurs.)

•

RUTH DRAPER—Presenting her extraordinary character sketches at an uptown theatre. Opening Mon. Eve., Nov. 10, for one week. (Shubert-Riviera, B'way at 97. Nightly at 8:30 P.M. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30 P.M.)

HARALD KREUTZBERG AND YVONNE GEORGI—Return of the brilliant modern German dancers. (New Yorker, 54. W. Fri. and Sun. Eves., Nov. 7 and 9, 8:45 P.M.)

VAUDEVILLE—Ken Murray, Lou Holtz, and William Gaxton will be at the Palace Fri., Nov. 7. Zelma O'Neal and Jack Haley will be there for the week starting Sat. Aft., Nov. 8. (Palace, B'way at 47. 2:20 and 8:20 P.M. daily; extra performance Sun. at 5:20 P.M.)

FOR CHILDREN—The Children's Players in "The Princess Who Wouldn't Say Die," Fri. Afts., Nov. 7 and 14, at 4. (Theresa Kaufmann Auditorium, 148 E. 92.) . . . The Juvenile Players in "Pirates of Penzance," Sat. Afts., Nov. 8 and 15, at 2:30. (Heckscher, 5 Ave. at 104.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify dates.)

MR. SAMUEL—A comedy by Winthrop Ames, adapted from the French, with Edward G. Robinson. Opens Mon., Nov. 10. (Little, 44, W. 8:50 P.M.)

Opened too late for review in this issue:

ELIZABETH THE QUEEN—Theatre Guild production of Maxwell Anderson's play, with Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt. (Guild, 52, W. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

AFTER THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

AMBASSADOR GRILL, Park at 51 (Wickersham 1000)—Park Avenue atmosphere, with this season's débutantes.*

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 3034)—After-theatre dancing in a Joseph Urban setting to music by Leo Reisman.*

CLUB EL PATIO, 134 W. 52 (Circle 4863)—Emil Coleman's orchestra, with dancing by Rosita and Ramon.*

CLUB LIDO, 7 Ave. at 52 (Columbus 2840)—A smart after-theatre crowd being entertained by Moss and Fontana, and Dwight Fiske. Libby Holman opens here Wed., Nov. 12. Must dress.

CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50 (Circle 6673)—Always a favorite. Miller and Farrell, with music by Joe Moss and his Meyer Davis orchestra. Must dress.

CLUB RICHMAN, 157 W. 56 (Circle 3203)—Songs by Jeanne Aubert and dances by Cortez and Peggy.*

GRILL NEPTUNE, Hotel Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (Regent 5901)—A handsome new room for supper dancing, with the same charm as the old Pierre's. Must dress.

SEAGLADE, Hotel St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500)—Undersea decorations, Vincent Lopez music, and dancing by Gomez and Winona. Must dress.

VILLA VALLÉE, 10 E. 60 (Volunteer 0351)—Rudy Vallée, in person, and his orchestra.*

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—Among the more interesting night clubs of this type are: Club Abbey, 203 W. 54, open all night, and not for débutantes. . . . Club Argonaut, 151 W. 54, open till dawn, Texas Guinan's new place. . . . Salon Royal, 310 W. 58, also open late, with Mme. Florence and her gang. . . . Chateau Madrid,

(Continued on page 12)

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THE NEW YORKER
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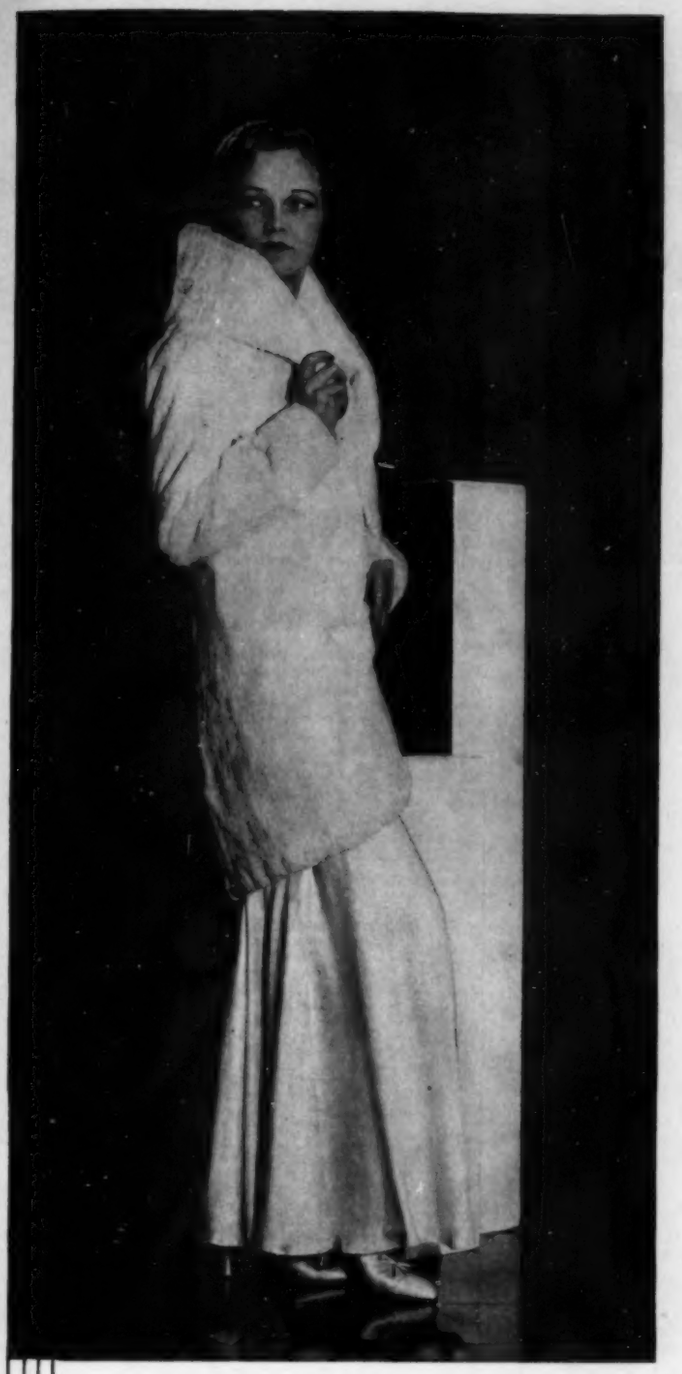

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Best & Co.

FIFTH AVENUE

Suburban Stores
Westchester *at* Mamaroneck
Long Island *at* Garden City
New Jersey *at* East Orange

(Continued from page 10)

231 W. 54, with Joe Lewis. . . . Hollywood Restaurant, B'way at 48, with a big, noisy Broadway crowd, no cover charge, and an elaborate revue.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—Barney's, 85 W. 3 (Spring 8191), has an uptown clientele and is very good fun. . . . Don Dickerman's Daffydil, 46 W. 8 (Spring 0223), features Hal Kemp's orchestra and miniature golf. . . . The County Fair, 54 E. 9; The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker, are informal, pleasant, and not too costly. . . . With Spanish trimmings: El Chico, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq.

RUSSIAN MOTIF—Two of the better-known places are: Club Sadko, 100 W. 57; and The Russian Art, 2 Ave. at 12.

NOTES—Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians play in the Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 45.° . . . There will be supper dancing every Saturday at the Ritz-Carlton, Madison at 46, under the supervision of H. Scott Paton. Must dress.

MOTION PICTURES

FEET FIRST—The usual Harold Lloyd performance but still pretty funny. (Rialto, 7 Ave. at 42; performances continuous from 8:30 A.M.)

HELL'S ANGELS—In spite of a tedious story, this is by far the best picture of aviation in the war. You see all the flying if you arrive about 9:20 and leave by 10:30—our advice. (Criterion, B'way at 44; and Gaiety, B'way at 46; 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

JOURNEY'S END—A fine picture of R. C. Sherriff's play, with Colin Clive. (Little Picture House, 151 E. 50; Fri. through Mon., Nov. 7-10; performances continuous from 2 P.M.)

OUTWARD BOUND—Sutton Vane's play done over for the screen. And well done too. (Warner, B'way at 52; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun. 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

ZWEI HERZEN IM 3-4 TAKT—Delightful Viennese operetta (in German), with very tuneful music. (55th Street, 55, E. of 7 Ave.; performances continuous from noon.)

NEWS REEL THEATRE—All you want of current events for a quarter. (Embassy, B'way at 46; continuous from 10 A.M. to midnight.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "Africa Speaks," the wilds again, but with some new and startling scenes; "All Quiet on the Western Front," life in the trenches, from Remarque's great novel; "Animal Crackers," the Marx Brothers full blast on a Long Island houseparty; "The Big House," the best of the prison pictures; "Lincoln," the familiar legend picturesquely presented, with a first-rate performance by Walter Huston; "Monte Carlo," a bright musical piece, with Jeanette MacDonald and Jack Buchanan; "The Office Wife," the idyll of the businessman and his secretary; "Old English," George Arliss as a splendid old scamp of an octogenarian; "Whoopee," the Ziegfeld-Eddie Cantor show successfully screened, all in color.

ART

AMERICANS—The latest canvases of the group consisting of Dickinson, Kuniyoshi, Spencer, etc.: Daniel, 600 Madison, above 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

COROT AND DAUMIER—Fine examples from all over the world of two of the greatest artists who have influenced this painting age. Don't miss it: Museum of Modern Art, 12th floor, Heckscher Bldg., 5 Ave. at 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; 8 to 10 P.M. (except Sat.); Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

DEGAS—Charming studies and sketches the master used in his large compositions: Seligmann, 3 E. 51. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M., through Sat., Nov. 15.

FORTY AMERICANS—Examples by Brook, Bacon, Hart, Pollet, Weber, Zorach, and others: Dudensing, 5 E. 57. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Nov. 8.

FRENCH—Cézanne, Corot, Gauguin, Toulouse-Lautrec, Van Gogh, Picasso, and others. Canvases new to this country: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Nov. 15.

KUHN—A versatile and changing American: Marie Harriman, 61 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

LURÇAT—One of the best of the younger generation of French. Opening Mon., Nov. 10: Valentine, 69 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

MARIN—Fifty recent water colors of New Mexico and New York by a first-line American painter: An American Place, Room 1710, 509 Madison. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

MARSH—Paintings by Reginald Marsh, together with drawings by Gaston Lachaise: Rehn, 683 5 Ave. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Nov. 15.

METROPOLITAN—An exhibition of Mexican art is on view in Gallery D-6 of the Metropolitan Museum of Art through Sun., Nov. 9 only. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.

OTHER FRENCH—A few of the modern masters and some of the lesser lights of Paris; thirty-four contestants: Balzac, 102 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat. Nov. 8.

ROUAULT—Lithographs by a powerful artist: New Art Circle, 9 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Thurs., Nov. 13.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 7, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15]

SCULPTURE—A comparative show of examples of Egyptian, Greek, Roman, Chinese, etc.; and French sculptured portraits from the twelfth to twentieth century: Demotte, 25 E. 78. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

MUSIC

(Performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M., unless otherwise specified, and are listed in chronological order.)

RECITALS

BILTMORE MUSICALE—Emma Otero, soprano; Rafaelo Diaz, tenor; and Alberto Salvi, harpist: Hotel Biltmore, Fri. Morn., Nov. 7, at 11.

YVONNE GALL—One of the foremost French soprani in songs and other items: Town Hall, Fri. Eve., Nov. 7.

VASA PRIHODA—Return of a violinist who used to get plenty of attention: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Nov. 8.

MYRA HESS—Exceptional pianism: Town Hall, Sat. Aft., Nov. 8.

EDWIN AND JEWEL BETHANY HUGHES—Two keyboards that play as one: Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Nov. 8.

ROLAND HAYES—Two recitals by this fine tenor: McMillin Theatre, Columbia University, Sat. Eve., Nov. 8; and Carnegie Hall, Wed. Eve., Nov. 12.

NINA KOSHETZ—Russian songs—and Samuel Chotzinoff at the piano: Town Hall, Sun. Aft., Nov. 9.

BROSA STRING QUARTET—First recital by an interesting quartet of visitors: Guild Theatre, 52, W. of B'way, Sun. Aft., Nov. 9.

MAIER AND PATTISON—The celebrated piano twins start farewelling: Guild Theatre, Sun. Eve., Nov. 9.

JASCHA HEIFETZ—And the program is something extra, too: Carnegie Hall, Mon. Eve., Nov. 10, at 8:45.

AGUILAR LUTE QUARTET—Plucked strings doing impossible things: Town Hall, Mon. Eve., Nov. 10.

CLAIRE DUX AND HEINRICH SCHLUSNUS—Lieder and duets by two accomplished stylists: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Nov. 11.

CORINA WRIGHT—Always an interesting recitalist—with Carlos Salzedo assisting at the piano: Town Hall, Tues. Eve., Nov. 11.

HARRIET COHEN—Recital début of an important pianiste from England: Town Hall, Wed. Aft., Nov. 12.

PLAZA ARTISTIC MORNING—Anna Case, soprano; Mischa Levitzki, pianist; and Adamo Didur, basso: Hotel Plaza, Thurs. Morn., Nov. 13, at 11:30.

LENER STRING QUARTET—Another opportunity to hear these able chamber musicians: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Nov. 14.

SEVERIN EISENBERGER—Second appearance this season of a pianist more people ought to know: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Nov. 15.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Kleiber conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Aft., Nov. 7, at 2:30; Sun. Aft., Nov. 9. . . . Toscanini conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Nov. 13 at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Nov. 14, at 2:30. . . . Schelling conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Morn., Nov. 8, at 11 (Children's Concert); Sat. Morn., Nov. 15, at 11 (Young People's Concert).

DON COSSACK MALE CHORUS—Carnegie Hall, Sat. Eve., Nov. 8; Sun. Eve., Nov. 9.

FRIENDS OF MUSIC—Bach program, Bodanzky conducting: Metropolitan Opera House, Sun. Aft., Nov. 9, at 4.

OPERA

METROPOLITAN—"Don Giovanni," benefit performance, Fri. Aft., Nov. 7, at 2; "Tosca," Fri. Eve., Nov. 7, at 8:30 P.M.; "Traviata," Sat. Aft., Nov. 8, at 2; "Lohengrin," Sat. Eve., Nov. 8, at 8; Opera Concert, Sun. Eve., Nov. 9, at 8:30; "The Flying Dutchman," Mon. Eve., Nov. 10, at 8; "Romeo et Juliette," Wed. Eve., Nov. 12, at 8; "The Girl of the Golden West," Thurs. Eve., Nov. 13, at 8:15.

ON THE AIR

WALTER DAMROSCH—Music Appreciation Hour: Fri. Morns., Nov. 7 and 14, at 11, over WEAF and WJZ. . . . Conducting symphony orchestra, in General Electric Hour: Sat. Eves., Nov. 8 and 15, at 9, over WEAF.

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Children's Concert, Schelling conducting: Sat. Morn., Nov. 8, at 11, over WABC. . . . Kleiber conducting: Sun. Aft., Nov. 9, at 3, over WABC.

NATIONAL ORATORIO SOCIETY—Choral works by Deems Taylor: Sun. Aft., Nov. 9, at 12:30, over WEAF.

KATHRYN MEISLE—Contralto soloist, and Ivor Novello, British actor-author-composer, in Atwater-Kent Hour: Sun. Eve., Nov. 9, at 9:15, over WEAF.

ROCHESTER CIVIC ORCHESTRA—Harrison conducting, in Stromberg-Carlson Hour: Mon. Eve., Nov. 10, at 10, over WJZ.

PHILCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Barlow conducting: Tues. Eve., Nov. 11, at 9:30, over WABC.

J. RAMSAY MACDONALD—British Prime Minister, speaking at the Lord Mayor's banquet in London: Mon. Aft., Nov. 10, at 4, over WEAF.

SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE—Indian poet, on "Youth Rebuilding the World:" Mon. Eve., Nov. 10, at 8:30, over WABC.

LIBBY HOLMAN—Soloist, with Rudy Vallée's orchestra, in Fleischmann Hour: Thurs. Eve., Nov. 13, at 8, over WEAF.

BILL ROPER—Princeton football coach, interviewed by Grantland Rice, in Coca-Cola Hour: Wed. Eve., Nov. 12, at 10:30, over WEAF.

FOOTBALL GAMES—Sat. Aft., Nov. 8: Pennsylvania vs. Notre Dame, at 2, over WEAF; Harvard vs. Michigan, at 2, over WJZ; Army vs. Illinois, at 1:30, over WABC and WOR. . . . Sat. Aft., Nov. 15: Princeton vs. Yale, at 2, over WEAF and WABC; Navy vs. Southern Methodist, at 2:15, over WJZ; Fordham vs. St. Mary's, at 2, over WOR.

SPORTS

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden: Al Singer vs. Tony Canzoneri, for lightweight championship, Fri. Eve., Nov. 14; preliminaries start at 8:30 P.M.

FOOTBALL—(Directions for reaching fields are noted at end of this item.)

Sat., Nov. 8, at 2 P.M.—Pennsylvania vs. Notre Dame, Franklin Field, Philadelphia. . . . Army vs. Illinois, Yankee Stadium (1:30 P.M.). . . . Harvard vs. Michigan, Soldiers Field, Boston. . . . Yale vs. Alfred, New Haven. . . . Princeton vs. Lehigh, Princeton. . . . Columbia vs. Colgate, Baker Field. . . . N.Y.U. vs. Georgia, Polo Grounds. . . . C.C.N.Y. vs. St. John's, Lewisohn Stadium.

Sat., Nov. 15, at 2 P.M.—Princeton vs. Yale, Princeton. . . . Harvard vs. Holy Cross, Soldiers Field, Boston. . . . Brown vs. Columbia, Providence. . . . N.Y.U. vs. Georgetown, Yankee Stadium. . . . Fordham vs. St. Mary's, Polo Grounds.

Directions to fields—Baker Field, B'way at 218: take B'way subway to 215 St. . . . Polo Grounds: take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Bus No. 3. . . . Yankee Stadium: take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Jerome Ave. subway. . . . Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam at 136: take B'way subway to 137 St. or Bus No. 5.

The last trains which get you to out-of-town games in time leave: for Philadelphia, from Penn. Sta., 11 A.M. (special train leaves at 10:20 A.M.); for Boston, from Grand Central, 7 A.M.; for New Haven, from Grand Central, 11:45 A.M.; for Princeton, from Penn. Sta., 12:15 P.M. (special train); for Providence, from Grand Central, 8:25 A.M.

HUNT RACE MEET—United Hunts Racing Association: Belmont Park, Sat. Aft., Nov. 8, at 2. (Special trains leave Penn. Sta. at 12:30 and 1:20 P.M.)

OTHER EVENTS

HORSE SHOW—National Horse Show, Madison Square Garden, Fri. and Sat., Nov. 7 and 8; Mon. through Wed., Nov. 10-12.

PUBLIC BALLS—Annual Actors' Equity Ball: Hotel Astor, Sat. Eve., Nov. 8, at 11. . . . Victory Ball, Hotel Astor, Mon. Eve., Nov. 10, at 11. . . . British Great War Veterans' Armistice Ball: Hotel Plaza, Tues. Eve., Nov. 11, at 11.

AUCTIONS—At the American Art Association-Anderson Galleries, Inc., Madison at 57—English, French, Italian, and Gothic furniture; tapestries and Oriental rugs; and Early American furniture: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Nov. 7 and 8, at 2:15. . . . The Jachne library of first editions, art books, and fine bindings: Wed., Nov. 12, at 2:15 and 8:15 P.M. . . . The Ross collection of eighteenth-century English furniture, Louis XV and Louis XVI French furniture, tapestries, Georgian silver, china, decorative objects, and Oriental rugs: Thurs. through Sat. Afts., Nov. 13-15, at 2:15.

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

MR. HOOVER'S violent outburst against the New York *World* served to open our eyes. We gained a new conception of the man. Whatever his reason for being so mad, at least he minced no words. Do you realize what it means, in these days, for a President to come out against a newspaper? A man can't be President forever, and one of the opportunities open to a President when he leaves office is newspaper work. There might have been a nice berth later on for Mr. Hoover on the *World*; Coolidge has the *Tribune* all sewed up, and Will Rogers the *Times*. A little two-column

front-page box called "Says Herbert" every morning is not a chance most Presidents would be willing to turn up their noses at. Hoover threw it away just like that.

WE'RE not sure the New York post office is doing all it might by our fair (fair-to-middling, anyway) city. A letter which has come to us from Nice bears such lovely postmarks: "NICE SES ALPES PARFUMEES ET SA COTE FLEURIE" and "NICE CENTRE DES ELEGANCES MONDAINES." Nice, of the perfumed Alps and the seacoast of flowers; Nice, centre of worldly refinement. Stamped right on the envelope. Charming! What's the matter with this town showing some spirit, too? Let the postal authorities get some stamps made: "NEW YORK OF THE 32,000 SPEAKEASIES AND THE DISAPPEARING JUSTICES," "NEW YORK, CENTRE OF LA GUINAN AND JAMAIS WALKER, RENDEZVOUS OF THE 100,000 ELEGANT SUCKERS."

WE like the proposed idea of having Fifth Avenue buses stop at five-block intervals, instead of every two blocks. Under the present "try and get going" system, the buses man-

age to be in second gear about half the time—and the second gear of a Fifth Avenue bus is like no other single thing in the world of machinery. Were the buses allowed to run five blocks without stopping, maybe they could be urged into high gear for brief spells. The disadvantages would be slight in comparison. One would have to walk an extra block or so to a bus stop, but in fair weather nobody would mind doing that, and in bad weather the traffic moves so slowly that a person can get on a bus no matter whether it is theoretically in motion or not.

AH, the British! Ah, particularly, Viscount Castlerosse, writer of a chatty column in the London *Sunday*

Express! A gay blade if ever there was one! Several of our London friends have pointed out that in two recent columns he used a total of twenty-four stories from THE NEW YORKER, crediting us with two—which gives him a rating of .085. The Viscount swiped everything but the headings; those he supplied himself, with a penetration and wit that astounded us. One heading in particular seemed to sum up, in a most complete way, that dreamy quality of the British conscience which is so envied by us Americans. Possibly you recall a story we published about a young man who got a wrong number on the phone, and when a voice said: "This is the office of Davis, Polk, Wardwell, Gardiner & Reed" replied: "I—I hope they're all well." The Viscount's heading for that story was: "Magnificent Slang."

AN invitation from Columbia to attend a series of "de luxe" lectures makes us wonder if we haven't lost our zest for knowledge. There is no question that we find ourself hanging

back. The "de luxe" aspect is stressed in the invitation. "The 'classes,'" it says, "are held in informal lounge rooms at the Columbia University Club. No straight back Hamilton Hall chairs. You can smoke . . . Say hell or damn if you want to . . . Round about you will be other Columbia Alumni . . . Prominent manufacturers . . . Successful lawyers . . . Medical men." Ho hum. Possibly the de-luxe tendency in education frightens us, who never learned anything except in uncomfortable attitudes; or maybe the thought of hearing medical men, manufacturers, and lawyers saying "hell" and "damn" in an informal lounge is just more than our somewhat stark and conventional nature can brook.

Odd

THERE was, if you noticed, a story in the papers last week about

Richard Halliburton—how he startled an audience in California by saying that he had been all over the world and that there was but one place he really wanted to live when he settled down: Chattanooga, Tennessee. (Chagrin and dismay on the part of the Californians.) The person who read this story with as much interest as anybody, probably, was Joe Cook, the comedian, who, if we know our California history, amused a book-publishers' convention there some months ago by making a speech in which he said he had been all over the world and that there was but one place he really wanted to live when he settled down: Evansville, Indiana. The fact that Halliburton was present, as a fellow-speaker, at that convention is just one of those literary coincidences.

Swaying in the Breeze

IF you're nervous about such matters, you'll be comforted to know that our tall buildings are nowhere near so willowy as is commonly supposed. We were talking with an engineer the other day and he toned down a good many of our misapprehensions about skyscrapers swaying in the wind. Buildings nowadays, he said, are constructed to withstand a distortion of ten to fifteen inches without giving way, but that is done on the off chance that a tornado might some day strike New York. Under ordinary conditions, the windsway of buildings like the Woolworth and Chrysler towers is rarely more than an inch and a half, and usually much less. Gusty weather, even when the breeze is light, makes them sway more than a stronger but steadier wind. Oddly enough, too, though people worry most about the really high buildings, they often bend less than the medium-sized ones because they are built more solidly. There are several thirty and forty-story buildings around town which—quite without danger, of course—sway twice as much as the Woolworth tower.

•

OUR practically weekly taxi-driver story concerns a lady who inquired of one of them, parked at the curb: "Are you free?" He raised a calm gray eye and replied: "Madam, as Plato said, 'No man is free.'"

Pugs

LOTS of people think there aren't any more pug dogs. We thought there were only two maybe, the one in last year's Dog Show here, and the one that was carried on the stage in "Sweet Adeline." As a matter of fact, pugs are coming back, along with backgammon, ping-pong, tiddlywinks, and the other fads of the nineties. A lady out in Chicago has thirty-four, all thoroughbreds, all well, and many of them married and settled down, with children in prospect. She is a professional kennel-woman who believes the breed will become popular again. In addition to her, several persons here and there are breeding the dogs.

Pugs never ran much risk of becoming extinct, we are told. They lost favor here, after the turn of the century, but they have maintained their popularity in England, where they have been bred for several hundred years. They are of Chinese origin. During the reign of William and Mary they began to appear in considerable numbers in England. Those produced in America were usually not very good specimens. Their noses were not short enough and their legs were too bowed. Furthermore, owing to cross-breeding, usually with bulldogs, they became too large. Buster Brown's dog is said to have been a cross between pug and bull. The high-type pug dog should not weigh more than twenty pounds. The breeders are combating a tendency to make lap dogs of these animals. They say pugs shouldn't be toys, but active outdoor companions as well as house dogs.

The American Language

"NOW what's the name?" asked the clerk in a camera shop as

"Not now, Tinkie. Mr. Damrosch is just burying Siegfried."

"She reminds me of someone but I can't think who."

• •

he accepted a package of films from a customer.

"Boyd," said the customer.

"Ah," asked the clerk eagerly, "any relation to the explorer?"

And also: A governess is striving to improve the pronunciation of her charge, a small boy whose parents recently transplanted themselves from Indiana to East Sixty-second Street. Broadening the young man's "a" is her principal difficulty. Not long ago she came upon him shouting out of the window at a neighbor's child, "You big sap!" "William!" she cried, in more or less horror. The little boy looked guilty. He undertook to correct himself. "You big sahp!" he shouted out the window.

Zuppke

IF you go to the Army-Illinois game this week and somebody points out Mr. Zuppke, the Illinois coach, don't figure him as a crude Midlander who is abashed by the effete East. Mr. Zuppke very likely knows New York better than you do. He used to take walks of ten and fifteen miles around Manhattan and the Bronx and has been on almost all the streets in town. On one of them, Broadway, he was for a few days in 1905 quite a prominent figure. On a scaffold, high above that thoroughfare, he helped paint a Cremo cigar sign which was, at that time, the biggest sign in town. As a boy he lived in Newark. His father was a jewelry designer for Tiffany's.

An interesting fellow, Zuppke, closely associated with the fantastic rise of football in America. Born in Berlin, he came to America early and in his teens wandered to Wisconsin, where he went to college. He was a good runner and water-poloist and, despite his rather small stature, a fair hammer-thrower. He never played football. After graduation he was offered a history-teaching job at a Wisconsin high school, but it seemed too drab a life and he came to New York. He only had four dollars when he arrived and started his walks around town, hunting for odd jobs as sign-painter and commercial artist. Later he drifted to Chicago and somehow or other was asked to coach football at a high school in Muskegon, Michigan. From there he went to Oak Park, Illinois, and helped develop the whirlwind football teams for which the high school there is famous. In 1913 he was offered the coaching position at Illinois, at an advance of seven hundred dollars over his Oak Park salary.

Seventeen years ago, when Zuppke unpacked his trunk at Champaign, the university was little better known than the town. Now it is famous, has one of the largest stadiums in the world, and memories of Red Grange, and Zuppke, colorful, energetic, epigrammatic, a big man in American sport, whose teams have won several Western Conference championships.

On the field the coach is supreme. Once a German general and his staff were watching Illinois practice. "Hey, General, come here!" yelled Zuppke from the centre of the field to the general, who was on the sidelines. The general and his staff marched onto the field. "I want you to get a good look at this play, General," said Zuppke and, grasping the officer's shoulders, he pulled him this way and that, showing the fine points. He thinks up sharp sayings to hurl at his men, such as: "When in doubt, punt," "Football is a brutal game but brutes can't play it," "Linemen are backs without brains."

Zuppke still paints—pictures now. He has sold a number of canvases done on hunting trips or mountain climbs. He has been invited to give a show in New York but doesn't think he's up to it yet.

Upturned Palm

BY the door of the cafeteria in the Metropolitan Museum of Art is a statue. It is a Cupid of sorts, with cape and quiver. His left hand holds his bow; his right hand, through some

vagary of the sculptor, is gently upturned, like the hand of a Red Cap who has just put your bags into the taxi. This upturned marble palm is too much for New Yorkers, schooled as they are in tipping. A steady stream of matches, hairpins, paper-clips, sticks of gum, pennies, even dimes, flows into Cupid's hand from an admiring and grateful public. The janitors of the Museum do the emptying—a menial, but not wholly thankless, job.

Got Hot

POST cards, dropped in the mail chute of the Chrysler Building, used to get going so fast that they would get hot and almost burn up before they reached the bottom. The situation was fairly acute, until postal inspectors investigated and found that a couple of vents in the chute hadn't been opened. That accounts for the receipt, by many cousins and aunts throughout the country, of post cards beginning: "We are at the top of the Chry . . ." and disappearing into a scorched spot.

•

THE last time Mr. Adolph Ochs of the *Times* had a birthday, so we are told, his nephew, Mr. Louis Adler, and a couple of other gentlemen were in charge of arrangements for a party in his honor. They wanted to make it quite a celebration, with something pretty special in the way of entertainment. One of the arrangers succeeded in getting the services of Amos and Andy and called Mr. Adler up gleefully to tell him. Mr. Adler's receipt of the news was discouraging, however. "Amos and Andy who?" he asked.

Off Year

PEACOCKS grow their tails in summer, and so does Bill, the peacock that lives in the churchyard of St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie. So he does when he is right, that is. This year for the first time in seven years, he let things slide; October is gone and Bill has no foliage. The caretaker is worried—fears the bird is getting old but hopes he's just taking a sabbatical. Bill himself is irritable, out of sorts—screeches a lot at dawn and has to be kept shut up nights.

There is a possibility that Bill needs a mate, but the efforts of the church to provide him with one have been, from what we have gathered, dismal. Three peahens, one after the other, have been given to Bill. Each one built herself a nest and produced, after settling down, a couple of pea-eggs. Each one, possibly from sheer worry at the thought of having her peachicks drafted for a church pageant, died. The caretaker thinks maybe two hens at one time might do, Bill is such a fellow.

The parish has been saved a good bit of money since Bill's wings were clipped. He used to sail over the fence, and neighborhood kids would collect a quarter for his safe return. It mounted up in the course of a year.

High-Pressure

TWO of the most rapid-fire salesmen of one of the big broadcasting companies will have to face much twitting from their fellows for the rest of the fiscal year because of a little error they made recently. They had made a date, in their offices, with the head of a big merchandising company who was thinking of advertising over the radio but was this way and that about it. The salesmen figured that after they had taken him to lunch, brought him back, and showed him over the plant, etc., he would be won. When, just at the appointed hour, a large, impressive gentleman entered the office they pounced on him and bore him off to lunch at a nearby speakeasy, a nice, expensive one. On the way they regaled him with comment and anecdote of radio, he being unable to wedge in a sentence. Over cocktails they told him more, relieving each other in rapid talking. The guest seemed delighted with the whole idea of radio. They ordered more cocktails. He grew openly enthusiastic. A little flushed, he began to outdo them in praise. The iron being thus hot, they struck —got right down to brass tacks. At this the large gentleman looked puzzled. "Say," he said finally, "you chaps have made a mistake, I guess. I'm a baritone and I want an audition. I—" but his hosts were off. They found a pale, impatient merchant. They haven't sold him on radio yet. They suspect he believes, primarily, in promptness.

Harry

THE two races that Harry Payne Whitney really wanted to win, he lost. He wanted to beat Man o' War with John P. Grier in the Dwyer Stakes ten years ago; and he wanted to beat Gallant Fox with Whichone in the Belmont Stakes last spring. Still, he had no complaints, and he was always more interested in polo than in racing anyway. He owned the best polo ponies bred in America, England, India, and the Argentine—and gave most of them away to his friends.

At the risk of breaking his trainer's

heart, Mr. Whitney used to sell his finest race horses at nominal prices to people he liked to see on the turf. The trainer used to weep quiet tears over this generosity. "Well," Whitney used to say, "a lot of these people, if they bought from any old horse-breeder, would get stuck with bad horses, and then they'd be discouraged. I don't want to see them get discouraged." Some horses he wouldn't sell at any price. A year ago Chaffee Earl, that young California millionaire, asked Whitney to set a price on Whichone, said he'd pay whatever he wanted for the colt. "Two hundred and fifty thousand is the price," said Whitney, "only he isn't for sale."

The famous stables, like any stables, cost a fortune to maintain. The Whitney horses won about four hundred and seven thousand dollars in 1926, a highly successful season. That year the stables probably lost only a hundred and fifty thousand. At one time in his career on the turf, Mr. Whitney was a big better, but he seldom backed horses other than his own.

Jack Joyner, who trained his stable in England, tells a story of how one English bookmaker handled him. Whisk Broom II was running, and was well liked, and for once Mr. Whitney went into the ring to bet. The bookmaker quoted Whisk Broom II at 7 to 2.

"I'll bet you two thousand," said Whitney. (Pounds, not dollars.)

"Very good, Mr. Whitney," said the bookie, who knew his millionaires. "Any more, Mr. Whitney?"

"Two thousand more."

"Very good," said the bookie, smiling. "Any more, Mr. Whitney?"

"A thousand more," said Whitney.

"Any more?"

"No, damn it, that's enough."

Whisk Broom II won, incidentally.

Midi à Deux Heures

MR. COOLIDGE, whom we manage to keep an eye on, may have been a trifle put out while visiting Adolph Lewisohn at his camp in the Adirondacks this summer when he learned that lunch was not served until two o'clock. He has always been a twelve-o'clock man himself. On the first day he became restive and paced up and down for an hour or two before lunch was announced. When it was, he went to the bottom of the stairs and called up to Mrs. Coolidge: "Come on, Mamma, supper's ready."

Morning Worship

THE line to Rockefeller's new church forms on the right. It extends down the sidewalk a dozen yards to the first tee of the Notlek miniature golf course, which adjoins the church on the south. Two policemen keep order, and no bells ring. We stood in silence with the other supplicants Sunday before last while the policemen shepherded us gently along. It was quarter to eleven when we passed through the doorway, a tractable little band of sinners, beneath the downcast eyes of the smiling angels and einsteins. In the vestibule the crowds were thicker, and young men in cutaways were calling: "Right into the elevator, please!"

Into the elevator we went, unprotesting. It didn't seem like Sunday, somehow, but we remembered to take off our hat. Four flights up the car stopped and we found ourself in the last row of the peanut gallery, looking down a dizzy and beautiful space to the faraway choir and the great arches swimming in religious light. The gallery was already more than three-quarters full and in the little triforium galleries along the sides, heads were beginning to pop out—heads of those who dared peep down at the congregation in the nave. Up to the moment of our emerging from the elevator, all the preliminaries had been those of Madison Square Garden on a dull night; but the sudden flood of cathedral splendor purified our soul and we sat reverently down in a comfortable pew and prayed, devoutly and inexpertly, all through the processional and the call to worship.

The church's beauty is still mitigated by its freshness—it has an unholy purity, like a building that has just been sandblasted. But it is unquestionably a lovely and magnificent structure, and when Dr. Fosdick, in prayer, said: "Prepare us, Lord, for an even nobler mansion than this earth affords," we thought we detected a note of challenge in his voice. The Doctor's sermon, delivered from the pulpit one city block from where we sat, admonished the congregation that they were not to consider their Christian duty discharged merely by their presence in so expensive a place of worship. It was not enough to cry "Lord, Lord!" Or even "Rockefeller, Rockefeller!" as we thought to ourself.

One of the peculiar experiences of a gallery sitter is the offertory. After the plates have been passed, there is a slight pause. Then, infinitely far below in the nave, the ushers appear for the blessing—the assumption being that they have been whisked downstairs in the elevator and have arrived in the nick of time. Our contribution to the plate, incidentally, was a dime—which we remembered was the conventional Rockefeller unit.

—THE NEW YORKERS

"—and when I left South Bend, Kiwanis gave me the biggest dinner you ever saw!"

HOW TO TELL A MAJOR POET FROM A MINOR POET

AMONG the thousands of letters which I received two years ago from people thanking me for my article "How to Drive the New Ford" were several containing the request that I "tell them how to distinguish a major poet from a minor poet." It is for these people that I have prepared the following article, knowing that only through one's ability to distinguish a major poet from a minor poet may one hope to improve one's appreciation of, or contempt for, poetry itself.

TAKE the first ten poets that come into your head—the list might run something like this: Robert Frost, Arthur Guiterman, Edgar Lee Masters, Dorothy Parker, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Stephen Vincent Benét, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Lorraine Fay, Berton Braley, Edna St. Vincent Millay. Can you tell, quickly and easily, which are major and which minor? Or suppose you were a hostess and a poet were to arrive unexpectedly at your party—could you introduce him properly: "This is Mr. Lutbeck, the major poet," or "This is Mr. Schenk, the minor poet"? More likely you would have to say merely: "This is Mr. Masefield, the poet"—an embarrassing situation for both poet and hostess alike.

All poetry falls into two classes: serious verse and light verse. Serious verse is verse written by a major poet; light verse is verse written by a minor poet. To distinguish the one from the other, one must have a sensitive ear and a lively imagination. Broadly speaking, a major poet may be told from a minor poet in two ways: (1) by the character of the verse, (2) by the character of the poet. (Note: it is not always advisable to go into the character of the poet.)

As to the verse itself, let me state a few elementary rules. Any poem starting with "And when" is a serious poem written by a major poet. To illustrate—here are the first two lines of a serious poem easily distinguished by the "And when?"

And when, in earth's forgotten moment, I
Unbound the cord to which the soul was bound . . .

Any poem, on the other hand, ending with "And how" comes under the head of light verse, written by a minor poet. Following are the *last* two lines of a "light" poem, instantly identifiable by the terminal phrase:

Placing his lips against her brow
He kissed her eyelids shut. And how.

All poems of the latter type are what I call "light by degrees"—that is, they bear evidences of having once been serious, but the last line has been altered. The above couplet, for example, was unquestionably part of a serious poem which the poet wrote in 1916 while at Dartmouth, and originally ended:

Placing his lips against her brow
He kissed her eyelids shut enow.

It took fourteen years of knocking around the world before he saw how the last line could be revised to make the poem suitable for publication.

WHILE the subject-matter of a poem does not always enable the reader to classify it, he can often pick up a strong clue. Suppose, for instance, you were to run across a poem beginning:

When I went down to the corner grocer
He asked would I like a bottle of Welch's grape juice
And I said, "No, Sir."

You will know that it is a minor poem because it deals with a trademarked product. If the poem continues in this vein:

"Then how would you like a package of Jello,
A can of Del Monte peaches, some Grape Nuts,
And a box of Rinso—
Or don't you thin' so?"

you may be reasonably sure not only that the verse is "light" verse but that the poet has established some good contacts and is getting along nicely.

And now we come to the use of the word "rue" as a noun. All poems containing the word "rue" as a noun are serious. This word, rhyming as it does with "you," "true," "parvenu," "emu," "cock-a-doodle-doo," and thousands of other words, and occupying as it does a distinguished place among nouns whose meaning is just a shade unclear to most people—this word, I say, is the sort without which a major poet could not struggle along. It is the hallmark of serious verse. No minor poet dares use it, because his very minority carries with it the obligation to be a little more explicit. There are times when he would like to use "rue," as, for instance, when he is composing a poem in the A. E. Housman manner:

When drums were heard in Pelham,
The soldier's eyes were blue,
But I came back through Scarsdale,
And oh the . . .

Here the poet would like to get in the word "rue" because it has the right sound, but he doesn't dare.

SO much for the character of the verse. Here are a few general rules about the poets themselves. All poets who, when reading from their own works, experience a choked feeling, are major. For that matter, all poets who read from their own works are major, whether they choke or not. All women poets, dead or alive, who smoke cigars are major. All poets who have sold a sonnet for one hundred and twenty-five dollars to a magazine with a paid circulation of four hundred thousand are major. A sonnet is composed of fourteen lines; thus the payment in this case is eight dollars and ninety-three cents a line, which constitutes a poet's majority. (It also indicates that the editor has probably been swept off his feet.)

All poets whose work appears in "The Conning Tower" of the *World* are minor, because the *World* is printed on uncoated stock—which is offensive to major poets. All poets named Edna St. Vincent Millay are major.

All poets who submit their manuscripts through an agent are major. These manuscripts are instantly recognized as serious verse. They come enclosed in a manila folder accompanied by a letter from the agent: "Dear Mr. ——: Here is a new group of Miss McGroin's poems, called

'Seven Poems.' We think they are the most important she has done yet, and hope you will like them as much as we do." Such letters make it a comparatively simple matter for an editor to distinguish between serious and light verse, because of the word "important."

Incidentally, letters from poets who submit their work directly to a publication without the help of an agent are less indicative but are longer. Usually they are intimate, breezy affairs, that begin by referring to some previously rejected poem that the editor has forgotten about. They begin: "Dear Mr. ——: Thanks so much for your friendly note. I have read over 'Invulnerable' and I think I see your point, although in line 8 the word 'hernia' is, I insist, the only word to quite express the mood. At any rate, here are two new offerings. 'Thrush-Bound' and 'The Hill,' both of which are rather timely. I suppose you know that Vivien and I have rented the most amusing wee house near the outskirts of Sharon —it used to be a well-house and the well still takes up most of the living-room. We are as poor as church mice but Vivien says, etc., etc."

A poet who, in a roomful of people, is noticeably keeping at a little distance and "seeing into" things is a major poet. This poet commonly writes in unrhymed six-foot and seven-foot verse, beginning something like this:

When, once, finding myself alone in a gathering of people,
I stood, a little apart, and through the endless confusion of voices . . .

This is a major poem and you needn't give it a second thought.

THERE are many more ways of telling a major poet from a minor poet, but I think I have covered the principal ones. The truth is, it is fairly easy to tell the two types apart; it is only when one sets about trying to decide whether what they write is any good or not that the thing really becomes complicated. —E. B. W.

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OF ALL THINGS

IN this sector the late political campaign was more zoölogical than logical. Everybody told animal stories. There was a wolf at the door and a camel in the pantry and bears in Wall Street and a tiger in the courthouse.

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Our first annual medal for a bunk-free campaign utterance is awarded to Bulow, who ran for the Senate against McMaster in South Dakota. The prizewinning words are: "Mac's got a job and I want it."

•

Administration spokesmen tell us that Hoover is doing everything possible to reduce unemployment. Ralph S. Kelley might make the snappy reply: "Sez you!"

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The railroads complain that their revenue has fallen off, while the Interstate Commerce Commission refuses to let them raise rates or make operating economies. They find themselves between the Devil and the I.C.C.

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Now that all the wrong answers have been given, we shall tell how to bring back prosperity and put a chicken in every pot: Everybody bet against Princeton.

•

Pictures of the recent eclipse reveal a vast and violent disturbance in the sun's corona. "Not our fault," says Simeon D. Fess.

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Revelations of recent months have opened this department's eyes to the facts of New York life. We always thought judges were brought by the stork.

•

"The banks," says the Northampton Daily Optimist, "are full of money." While non-bankers, we add, have nothing to spend but the fall and winter.

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Says Sidney Franklin, the bullfighter: "Give me the good old American girl." First we would have to find one who admits being either.

•

The Postal Telegraph Company will sell theatre tickets at its offices. Just as if they were a lot of drugstores.

•

Our lively neighbor, *Variety*, speaks thus of "Girl Crazy:" "At $5.50 it is a better show and worth more for the money than some of the $6.60 smashes would be at $3.85." We'd have to see that done on a cash register.

•

At last Walt Whitman has been elected to the Hall of Fame. This would never have happened, we feel sure, if the older members had been allowed to vote.

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Veneration for parents, it is said, is a drawback to Communist propaganda in China, so they have made a slogan: "Down with fathers and mothers." We hate to think what will happen on Anti-Mother's Day.

•

Yale finds it harder than ever to keep the students in New Haven over the weekends. The road to New York is paved with something better than good intentions now.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

"What if Clara Bow is fickle—what of it?"

BOO, BEAU!

AFTER READING ALTOGETHER TOO MUCH OF THIS SORT OF THING

WENDELL'S, *on dit*, will show the way this fall with their new suit, called the Simplex. This is a five-piece felt *ensemble*—coat, trousers, waistcoat, hat—and it is expected to solve one of the most bothersome problems of getting dressed, since it will be delivered to the customer *already buttoned*. The buttons, as a matter of fact, will be sewed right into the buttonholes. Their places will be taken by zippers, permitting the suit to be opened along the side, somewhat in the manner of a Parker House roll, and laid out on the floor. The customer, of course, will simply lie down on the opened suit, insert his arms and legs into the proper apertures, and zip himself up; $760, made to order. . . . The old peaked-versus-notched-lapel controversy, incidentally, will rage again this winter. DeMilne, however, seems to have hit on a happy solution with a French broadcloth dancing suit with one peaked lapel and the other rounded in the conventional British fashion. . . . Mason, I am informed, has overcome that old bugaboo, the Ascot tie, by simply painting the whole thing in oils on the front of your shirt. This delicate task has been assigned to a Mr. Lodi, who for several years has been designing murals for state capitols. . . . Willock & Freeman are selling a wooden leg which they tell me is capable of holding between three and four quarts of whatever you want. Amusing for men with wooden legs. . . . Singleton offers an ingenious suit in which the bottom has been removed from the breast pocket so that you can pull the slack of your shirt through the hole. The effect is said to be much the same as that obtained by carrying a handkerchief. . . . Cloth-topped shoes are in again, and are to be worn a good deal in the South this winter. Way down, so to speak, upon the *soigné* river. . . . Pigalle's have their new fall fabrics in, and will make you any sort of suit you like for a million dollars. . . . Gentlemen do not wear earrings.—BEAUGIBBS

"Oh, I beg pardon—I'm just looking for my husband."

•

WITHOUT ALL DUE RESPECT

Should you ask this person
About Mrs. McPherson,
He'd say Gender
On a Bender. —OGDEN NASH

LATE AUTUMN

Rafters of ice now wedge the brittle reeds.
The cold, banked air has let the dry leaves fall
And the black-browed bird has shaken
Without hope all the empty-podded weeds.
The quivering rabbit lies beneath the wall.
The frozen apple bends its bough untaken.

Winter will come, as this bright autumn came.
The cobweb silver twigs against the hill
Will catch the snow and spill it stem by stem
Upon heaped leaves that none would chide or blame
For having shrivelled, on the roots that still
Are maple roots though change drift over them.

Be brave. Change does not matter. None are wise,
But all are fortunate, and fortune falls
Least on the careful mind, most on the heart
Content with repetition, on the eyes
That dare look often at the same four walls,
The same four seasons ending where they start.

—RAYMOND HOLDEN

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ENIGMA

MIDTOWN EXPERIENCE OF A FOLLOWER OF EDGAR ALLEN POE

WHAT I am about to relate, I cannot vouch for. I can only say that thus it seemed to me; I can only say that seeing and being are two. This I thought the eyes of my body perceived, but now at this distance it seems as though truly dream and reality had been confounded within me until I could not tell one from the other.

I *thought* I walked along beneath towering and polished walls of black basalt, but now my memory seems to record that there was a faint mottle in the black and shining surfaces above my head. I walked for a long time, past this impenetrable black wall, until I came to an opening.

This opening was like no door through which I had ever gone. It pierced the polished walls at an immense height. It was—or so it seems to me now—more like the opening of an Egyptian tomb than any door. Its rim was black, and it seems to me that it had also a wide adornment of a metal which was not silver, but which shone.

Entering this forbidding portal, I found myself in a huge triangular space. It was not a crypt, it was not a cathedral, nor was it the foyer of a palace. Dim, presaging power—what deity, what ruler, or what force did this enormous triangle celebrate?

Who dwells here? Was it the tomb of Cyclops? Was here Minotaur stabled? Or did the Fates spin in this high lofty vault?

Vast pillars upheld it, leading the eye upward to a ceiling across which dimly marched a decoration vaster than any my eye had ever beheld. Do I remember comets, airplanes, heavenly bodies winging their way over that great vault? Certainly a procession walked over it, which could have represented no less a thing than the Destiny of Man.

Lost and small, looking around this atrium, I perceived, or thought I perceived—of course, my memories are all mingled with doubt and speculation, so much did this whole experience have in it of illusion and the fantasy of dream—I say again, I *thought* I perceived that the walls of this vast space were made of petrified trees, highly polished.

IN the centre of the hypotenuse of the triangle, at a species of desk, sat One evidently in authority. He seemed neither priest nor porter, but partaking somewhat of both. In green light above his head Time dripped in huge numerals. I stood fearful and motionless while these huge numerals of liquid light told of the passing minutes—5:01, 5:02, 5:03—plashing into eternity before my eyes.

It was not by chance that I found myself within these dim and august walls. There was one I sought. I approached the man above whose head the minutes-in-green-liquid-light dripped, and spoke a Name. At once he inclined himself toward me, and said in a low voice, as though fearful of awaking who knows what monstrous echoes: "First aisle to the right."

Then I perceived that all along the hypotenuse of the triangle were indeed vast aisles, and that over a door from time to time now green triangles of light appeared, and now red ones, as though in some fourth dimension port and starboard still continued an ambiguous existence. As I walked into the aisle, it seemed to me that I recognized Egyptian symbols incorporated now in marble, now in wood.

I STOOD before a door. It was inlaid in rare woods, the whole fashioned in the design of an acanthus—so it seemed to me. Suddenly the design slipped silently and stealthily in twain. There was no noise, no sound of opening; only a disquieting cleft mid-centre of design. I entered a cubicle, also inlaid from top to bottom in rare woods.

I came out on a corridor, silent and vast and lined with doors. This corridor seemed to be the work of Euclid in nightmare, for each door was an array of mighty triangles strangely juxtaposed. Terror seized me. I sped through corridors, seeking, and found him whom I sought. Within these august and disquieting halls, my question tumbled meaningless and trivial. And while my lips said small and unimportant words, my heart beat: "Out! Out! Out! Let me out!"

I felt I could endure no more noiseless parting doors, no more vast corridors lined with tumbled triangles. The cubicle again trapped and entombed me. I felt above me must be going on some funeral rite. Hysteria stood near. With difficulty I restrained myself from singing "Aïda." . . .

AGAIN I stood in the triangular hall across whose lofty immensities trailed human destiny. Suddenly a great clarity came to me. Here I would find Answer to Enigma. As though hypnotized I sought the One who sat motionless while the green-liquid minutes flowed ceaselessly above his head. I spoke to him.

"Will you give me the Pamphlet of the Chrysler Building?" I said.

"Here it is, Madam," he responded, handing me the Answer.

—MARY HEATON VORSE

"Now in that new bed you ordered, which would you rather have—your feet or your head sloping toward the ceiling?"

PROFILES

"COSMOS"-I

A DETAILED map of the world is needed to illustrate Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler. In his various capacities he is distributed over the globe like Model T. As an honorary president he ranges from Tokio to Sitka; as a clubman he lounges from the Athenæum in London to the Bohemian in San Francisco. In Czechoslovakia he is a White Lion (First Class); in Prussia, a Red Eagle (with star). In Paris, with a green feather springing from his cocked hat and a long sword hacking at the tails of a bottle-green clawhammer, he is a member of the Institute of France, to which he was elected to succeed Lord Bryce. In Jugoslavia he splits up into two grand officers of two grand orders. He reappears in Naples as a member of the Academy of Letters and Sciences, and in Prague as the President of the American-Slav Society. A harvesting machine of university degrees, he has reaped doctorates over a territory extending from the Black Sea to the Great Lakes, from the Ægean to the Gulf of Mexico.

"The champion international visitor and retriever of foreign orders and degrees," said H. G. Wells of Dr. Butler; but that gives the impression that the Doctor is a climber, which today is the reverse of the fact. The others are the climbers. On Dr. Butler's trips to Europe statesmen hang on his coat-tails. The Reichstag and the Chamber of Deputies dragoon him into addressing them. Lionhunting duchesses pursue him. Great European journals print his remarks *in extenso*. The British *Who's Who* gives him a column and a half, beating *Who's Who in America* by half a column. Some of the newer crop of Butler-worshippers may adore him, not wholly for his own sake, but partly because he controls the ten-million-dollar fund which Carnegie left to butter international relations; the fact is, however, that Dr. Butler's European prestige has had a slow, steady growth. He has earned his crosses, stars, collars, and ribands by imparting honest advice to nearly every pope, king, premier, dictator, and political chief of the last forty years. As a youth he weekended with Gladstone at Hawarden. He began breakfasting with the Kaiser in 1905, lunching with him in 1906. In a Swiss village, in prewar days, he traded views with Lenin. Nor is he a mere itinerant international Polonius broadcasting wise saws; he has been active behind the scenes. Twenty years ago, for instance, he played a part in a British parliamentary crisis. The crisis had been brought on by the House of Lords, which chose to forget the fact that it had long been dead. It even tried to meddle with the Imperial budget; some decent way had to be found of compelling the officious old corpse to rest in peace. Light was needed at once on the British Constitution. Butler happened to be knocking around London with Morley and Bryce; he was smuggled into Cabinet meetings; for two days English statesmen wormed facts about Anglo-Saxon institutions from him. Those who sat at his feet, familiarizing themselves with American and other modern developments of Britannia's ancient legislative system, were Asquith, Lloyd George, Augustine Birrell, Lord Crewe, Austen Chamberlain, Balfour, Lord Lansdowne, and Lord Cawdor. It ended in a deal by which the House of Lords agrees that it is dead, but is allowed to lie in state for the next century or so.

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler

At times it is an open question whether the State Department is in Washington or in Morningside Heights. The Butler-Briand team, for instance, pulls peace rabbits out of its international hat without consulting Washington. Briand proposes his war-renouncing schemes, Butler starts a ballyhoo for them, and they are thrust down the throats

of dumbfounded nations under the name of the Kellogg Pact. State Department men, almost in tears, have railed at Butler as a bootlegger of international amity. America has two foreign policies: its own and Dr. Butler's. No international pie is free from his ambitious finger.

"I broke me poor ol' mother's heart—twicet."

• •

THE Doctor plays no favorites among the nations. On this side of the water, he is president or past president of the Germanistic Society, the France-America Society, the American-Scandinavian Society, the American Hellenic Society, the Japan Society, the Italo-American Society, and many others. He has presided over the national psychological, philosophical, and other learned societies. Our own Immortals of the American Academy of Arts and Letters elected him to fill the presidential chair formerly occupied by Mark Twain and William Dean Howells. New York City has never made an adequate fuss over Dr. Butler; here he has become a common object like the Woolworth Building and is taken too much for granted. Still he is the only university president who has made an impression on this generation. By an effort of mind, we recall Lowell for his never-say-die spirit in his desperate combat with the scrub-women, and one or two others for being booted out of their jobs by the trustees; but that is all. In a day of famous coaches and obscure presidents, Dr. Butler has performed the miracle of making himself as much looked up to in educational circles as Knute Rockne. The faculty, student body, and alumni of Columbia are generally of the pro-Butler faction; they participate in his glory; he puts them all on the map. Old-timers have lived to regret that in 1905, assembled in Hartley Hall, they cheered a prominent oarsman who, in censuring Dr. Butler for banishing football, exclaimed: "Kill him. Hammer him. Roast him. What? Does he want to live forever?" —bloodthirsty words plagiarized from Dr. Butler's own free translation of Seneca.

Dr. Butler is the major prophet of the great issue before the American people today—repeal. Starting his repeal crusade in 1923, he has preached it relentlessly ever since. Seven years ago he was held to be disintegrating mentally for believing that he could railroad the Eighteenth Amendment out of the Constitution. The professional drys hate Butler as they hate no other man; he made the wet cause respectable. When that cause triumphs, the whole nation should rise at a given moment and drink the health of Nicholas Murray Butler.

IT is no anticlimax to meet the Doctor. His fame is supported by an imposing presence. He once had a rather pretentious waistline, but golf has brought him into reasonable compass, and the Paris *Figaro* was able to

WHEN THE THEATRE WAS FRAUGHT with ROMANCE

THE STARTLING INNOVATION OF THE MAGIC-LANTERN SLIDE IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE SERPENTINE DANCE

ENGRAVED BY JOHN HELD JR WHO IS GAME TO THE CORE

• •

describe him as "a gentleman of charming exterior." A nobly domed forehead, a cool, piercing gaze, and an aggressive beak, give him almost the imperiousness of the late J. P. Morgan. Whether he is regarded as pompous or as rightfully grand and impressive depends on the prejudice of the observer. "Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler is dynamic," wrote the late T. P. O'Connor. "Energy exudes from his every pore. The robust middle-sized frame seems to be always in motion. He could not walk from one end of the room to the other without giving the idea of an hasting and unresting spirit within him. The same spirit of incessant activity speaks to you from large, dark, penetrating yet benignant eyes." T. P. O'Connor also credited him with vast influence both in this country and Europe through his speeches, letters, and personal contacts. Dr. Butler is perhaps a more portentous figure in the Old World than in the New. A group in America cannot resist the temptation to hoot at him. Ancient jealousies and academic broils have contributed to the anti-Butler party; the drys cherish a rational abhorrence for him; to the professional Republicans he is a superannuated *enfant terrible*. Then there are the debunkers. The bare thought of Dr. Butler throws them into fits. N.M.B. has no standing at all with those who sell America short, pooh-pooh the Great Blizzard, and regard the sun and moon as fakes. In public addresses the Doctor has analyzed the debunkers. An inferiority complex, he finds, is that which causes the anchovies to hurl themselves at the whales. Dr. Butler has a profound sympathy for the poor devils and has several clinics affiliated with Columbia where they can obtain free treatment.

Dr. Butler is not given to boasting. He concealed, for instance, the fact that he helped to steer England through the House of Lords crisis until Lloyd George disclosed it many years after. He hides the satisfaction that he must feel over the astonishing growth of Columbia under his leadership. But he did give himself an acceptable rating when he chose his *nom de plume*. Recently, at a pageant of manly beauty, the title of "Mr. America" was bestowed on the contestant who had the best lines. That well-proportioned oaf was so jeered and lampooned that not a single candidate came forward to compete for the title of "Mr. Western Hemisphere." Yet those titles were

modest compared to the one which Dr. Butler picked for himself—"Cosmos." He wrote a series of articles under the alias of "Cosmos."

AN annual Christmas custom of Dr. Butler's further indicates freedom from unwholesome diffidence. To his multitudes of friends the world over, Dr. Butler makes presents of his best thought on problems of civics and sociology. In 1926, for instance, Santa Claus brightened many a hearth by scrambling down the chimney with this Christmas gift:

1926—Quo Vadis?

A free state built upon free labor, with liberty for its watchword and justice for its guide, is the ideal of true democracy—the form of society which Lowell characterized so suggestively if incompletely as one in which every man has a chance and knows he has it. To the hectic, emotional radicalism that clamors for the exaltation of the emotional and the unfit, and upon which false democracy builds, true democracy will oppose a healthy intellectual liberalism that will aim to redress old wrongs without inflicting new ones. This liberalism of true democracy sees the end of a perfected individualism not in selfishness but in service, not in isolation but in fraternity.

With Christmas and New Year's Greetings,

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER

On the eve of December 25, 1928, crimson-beaked old Kriss Kringle lashed his reindeers—Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!—through the world with joyous intelligence that the family is not only the cornerstone but the foundation of the whole domestic and social order, and that property is not only the cornerstone but the foundation of the whole economic order, etc. Every year, at the same hallowed season, the friends of the famous educator get similar heartwarming and brain-disciplining holiday tokens. It is receiving a coveted decoration to get one of these Yuletide communiqués. The Butler Christmas card is to the intellectual aristocracy what the Stuyvesant Fish invitation was to old New York society. To be dropped from the Butler mailing list is to be disbarred, disribboned, disgartered.

DR. BUTLER calls himself a liberal and has published a book entitled "The Faith of a Liberal," but he does not belong to the established liberal hierarchy. He has never genuflected before Norman Thomas or kissed the ring of Pope Villard. If a liberal at all, he is no red-blooded one-hundred-per-cent liberal. Pious old double-orthodox liberals like Heywood Broun and Harry Elmer Barnes cross themselves and mutter charms at the sight of him.

Yet Dr. Butler is a liberal in his fashion and has long been one. Nearly fifty years ago he was campaigning for higher education for women and satirizing professors who maintained that learned minds would be softened by the process of instructing young ladies. He is still trying to convince the Columbia law faculty that Heaven will not fall if women are admitted to the Columbia law school. The Doctor has been a bulwark of academic freedom. Under his rule, Columbia has been a hotbed of liberalisms, including those varieties which he personally abhors. "There are only two classes perfectly free to say what they think—tramps and Columbia University professors," said former Dean Kirchwey; and there is some truth in it. The whole subject, however, is confused by the many interpretations of liberalism and the many interpretations of Dr. Butler.

A few years ago it was considered selfevident that he was a barnacled old reactionary because he wrote a book against the Progressives and ran with Taft on the Old Guard ticket. Today it can be argued that there was more sane liberalism in rejecting the political snake oils of 1912 than in accepting them. There are, however, more serious charges against Dr. Butler. He is accused of absenting himself from the great liberal crusades. It is asked, for instance, what part he played in the birth-control movement, the greatest modern triumph of liberalism over vicious inertia. In the field of religion or irreligion, he has not been conspicuous as a defender of the twentieth century against the encroachments of the dark ages. He countenances the old ecclesiastical fee-faw-fum, yearns in annual reports for better Bible classes, is a trustee of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, and has—in rounding out his vast educational plant—recently taken in two theological seminaries. But all this is not so black against him. Dr. Butler has not crusaded for birth

"Oh, very good—very good indeed. Now you are ready to let yourself go."

control, but his professors have. He has not attacked the medieval church machine, but Columbia has committed effective sabotage on it. No institution does more than the Union Theological Seminary, associated with Columbia, to give religion the standing of a pleasing and socially worth-while canard. Dr. Butler's teaching staff has been active and successful on a national scale in promoting liberal legislation, and he is entitled to share in the record of Columbia. It must be borne in mind that he has operated his grand educational works on a liberal and free basis, in spite of some tough old Tories among his trustees. The president of Columbia cannot be expected to dance the *carmagnole* on the campus. He is, among other things, the keeper of a sort of hothouse where million-dollar and ten-million-dollar legacies, most sensitive of fruits, are ripening.

His fight against prohibition makes him a liberal with something to spare. He has recently advocated a new political alignment in this country—the liberals of the Republican and Democratic parties against the obstructionists and backward-squinting elements of both parties.

As a politician, Dr. Butler lacks the "people's friend" touch. He lets his hatred of demagogues get the better of him. Elihu Root's horror of popularity is not greater than Butler's. Root coined the phrase "the so-called poor;" Butler went him one better with "the chronically distressed and unemployable." Even in his wet campaign, Dr. Butler has never sobbed into the workingman's beer. Spurning the compromise on light wines and lager, he was for a long time whiskey's only friend in public life. Even on the rum issue, Dr. Butler has contrived to make himself a little obnoxious; he has asserted that he personally obeys the Volstead Act.

HE has been under the fire of liberals a few times during the twenty-eight years of his administration of Columbia. There was the case of Professor Harry Thurston Peck, hurled out of Columbia for getting involved in a breach-of-promise action. That was twenty years ago, when breach-of-promise suits still had some standing in the community. Peck was guilty of other crimes, such as bragging that he wrote Butler's Latin addresses and giving the name of Hairpin Alley to that part of 120th Street that runs past Teachers' College. Professor Joel E. Spingarn resigned as a protest, charging that Dr. Butler had "surrounded himself with sycophants" and adding that the meekness of the faculty in this matter partly confirmed "the jibe of European scholars that there are three sexes in America—men, women, and professors." Dr. J. McKeen Cattell was the hero of the next historic row in Morningside Heights. In 1917 Dr. Cattell sent a letter marked "CONFIDENTIAL" to four hundred and twenty-six members of the faculty, suggesting that they might, by playing a waiting game, get the presidential residence for a clubhouse. "If," reasoned Dr. Cattell, "our many-talented and much-climbing president should be swept into the Vice-Presidency by a reactionary wave, it is not likely that his successor should care to live in such a mausoleum." The trustees wanted to expel Dr. Cattell for this, but Dr. Butler magnanimously saved him. Later the trustees did oust Cattell for over-pacifism, but he beat them in court and extorted a large money settlement. Professor Charles A. Beard, the historian, resigned because two of the trustees interrogated him in order to ascertain his percentage of Americanism. Beard criticized Butler for not rebuking the trustees on this occasion; but the historian admitted that he lacked the presence of mind to rebuke the trustees on his own account. That was during the war, and, if the historian was correctly informed, some of the trustees were "after" Butler because of Butler's own pacifism. Scattered over three decades, these affairs are hardly more than the exceptions which prove that academic freedom has been the rule at Columbia.

DR. BUTLER'S pacifism, which alarmed the trustees, arose from his years of effort to bring the statesmen of Europe to a better understanding. He had striven, for instance, to make the British see that the German fleet was no menace to them. He idolized his friend, Kaiser Wilhelm, the great pacifist; in 1913, on Wilhelm's twenty-fifth anniversary as the German Emperor, Dr. Butler said that he rose "almost to the miraculous" and that, had he not been born Kaiser, he would have been elected ruler "by popular vote of any modern people among whom his lot might have been cast." A year later the war took the educator by surprise. Dr. Butler opposed preparedness. He found that the preparedness advocates were the dupes of the war profiteers. "No people," he said, "will be hostile to us, unless we, by our conduct, make them so." "Public sanitation," he contended, was the true field of endeavor for the American army. However, like many others, he reconsidered and became an advocate first of preparedness and then of war. In time he became so vexed by the dilatoriness of Wilson as to describe him as a contortionist so busy keeping an ear to the ground that he could look in no direction except backward. Later, disliking La Follette for his alleged shortage of Americanism, Dr. Butler called on the United States Senate to "purge" itself of "that object." Today Dr. Butler is a militant pacifist. It should be mentioned here that few who expressed themselves often on these topics in 1914 and the succeeding years have left entirely consistent records.

TO sum him up in a paragraph: Dr. Butler is the only member of his profession—that of consulting world advisor and liaison officer of the nations; the grand master of internationalists (non-Red) of all countries; the most comprehensively decorated private individual extant; the semiofficial boss of American letters; the president of the most prodigious educational establishment on earth. Bring on a rival candidate for the title of "Mr. Cosmos."

—ALVA JOHNSTON

(This is the first of two articles on Dr. Butler. The second will appear next week.)

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LAMENT

Now, from this thing and that
Love gets a feather
To tip his arrows with
In hunting weather.

Back from the woods he comes
Laden with prey—
Pity the wounded things
Creeping away!

—ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

THE THEATRE

COMING ALONG

SOME of us crime-hardened New Yorkers went to the opening of Edgar Wallace's "On the Spot" rather expecting to have a genial sneer at an Englishman's idea of Chicago gang warfare, especially as we heard that Mr. Wallace had spent only five days in field-work. But the author beat us to it. He started the sneering. Our natty gangsters came in for a very pretty bit of horsing, a horsing which they have had coming to them for a long time. Mr. Wallace may have been in Chicago only a few days, but he got the idea well enough to razz it to a fare-thee-well.

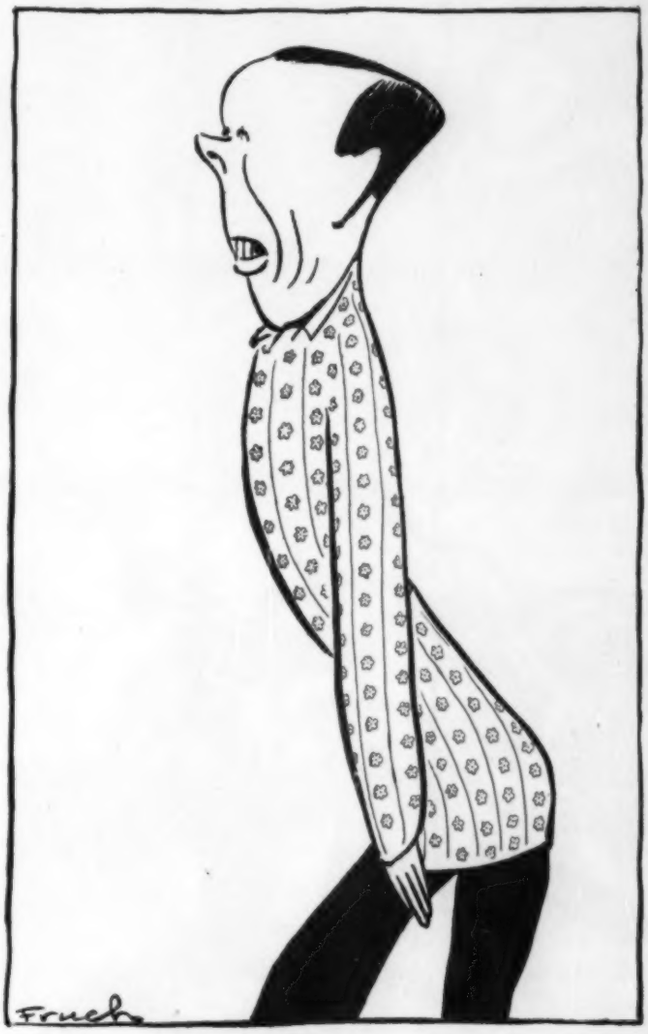
The technique of both the razzing and the melodrama is something less than subtle, and when the action takes itself seriously there is a distinct odor of ham hocks. But Mr. Wallace was dealing with a situation which calls for bashing and pummelling rather than rapier thrusts. Our Boys in Yellow use machine guns and shoot five at a time (and even then the worst that often can happen to their victim is that he contracts lead poisoning) and any counterattack against them must use the same broadside tactics. Mr. Wallace hasn't allowed one hero for the bunch of them, but has burlesqued their cowardice and sentimentality and mock heroics, to say nothing of their love for silk shirts and pipe organs, until the whole thing takes on a Gilbert and Sullivan air and Mr. Wallace emerges as not only a master of buckeye melodrama but as a good heavyweight satirist who is badly needed in this country. Couldn't he be induced to write a show about our system of government, or whatever it is?

Of course, I may be crediting Mr. Wallace with a little more satire than he really intended. The gangsters in "On the Spot" are a pretty naïve crew, even for gangsters. When Tony Perrelli, the leader, wants to shoot one of his henchmen, he walks toward him across the whole length of the room with his hat hanging over one hand, thereby concealing his gun to the complete satisfaction of at least the victim (who has obligingly gone out of his way to pick the one place in the room to stand on which the blood will not show when he falls). Possibly the victim thought that Mr. Perrelli had a bird concealed under the dangling hat and that he was about to entertain him with a trick. At any rate, he waited on the specially placed mat with a patience which removed the situation from the realm even of satire. On several other occasions the gangsters displayed a remarkable lack of finesse, such as in shouting "Who told him that?" when the chief of detectives was hardly over the threshold on his way out, and reacting, both facially and vocally, to a slight grilling with such explicitness that even the policeman's little daughter could have told that here was her man. These may have been faults of direction or simplicity in writing. I am afraid that we can't credit Mr. Wallace with burlesque to this extent.

I did not see Mr. Charles Laughton in London in the rôle of Perrelli, but I can believe the reports that he was more like an Italian gangster than Mr. Crane Wilbur, for Mr. Laughton is an uncanny mimic. Mr. Wilbur, however, probably is better suited to the purposes of the American production, for he catches the spirit of the exaggeration and, in addition, does ample justice to the real melodramatic moments. Anna May Wong, aside from being extremely decorative as the Chinese mistress, speaks flawless English instead of the joss-house singsong affected by American actresses playing Chinese parts, and her selfinflicted death on the couch, with her back to the audience, is a bit of quiet realism so effective as possibly to reduce, by example, the gymnastics of stage suicides in the future by at least eight writhes.

Whether taken as kidding or straight hokum melodrama, "On the Spot" ought to hold that fickle, roving attention of yours for at least an evening.

THE Chinese in "Roar China!" (and God knows they are real Chinese, too) have not quite caught the English idiom as well as Anna May Wong, and,



"THAT'S GRATITUDE"

Here, in his magnificent pajamas, is Mr. Frank Craven, who wrote, and now acts in, the agreeable comedy at the John Golden Theatre.

before the night is over, their sincere but rather lengthy protests against the duplicity of the white invaders begin to have a sedative effect. The play is from Bolshevist Russia and suffers from the common complaint of all dramatic works of the Soviets by having an idea to sell. The idea is an honest and believable one, so honest and believable that it is already sold before the second act begins, and we are quite convinced that the Chinese would be entirely within their rights in booting every white man out into the sea. From then on our attitude is increasingly "I know, I know!"

Add to this the fact that, merely as a play, "Roar China!" is as old-fashioned theatre as "The Whip" with the villains sneering and snarling and the innocents wailing and orating, and you will understand why the foundation on which the Theatre Guild has based its startling production is a trifle sandy. The production itself, however, is something else again.

Lee Simonson has built for "Roar China!" one of the most interesting sets ever seen in New York. A British cruiser, head-on, with its guns pointing out over the audience and enough real water on her starboard side to splash when anyone falls in, forms the base of the action. By the occasional introduction of six or eight Chinese sails across her bows, the scene becomes a quay with the ship in the background. It is on the ship that the British dogs hatch their fiendish revenge for the death of the despicable American trader. It is on the quay that the Chinese coolies gather to be ground down and to roar. And it is in watching these changes and waiting to see what is going to happen next in the way of realistic business that the audience derives most of its comfort. It is repaid for waiting at the end, for the entire cruiser sails out directly into the faces of the spectators and everyone is terribly frightened.

The Theatre Guild has done us one of its old-time services in bringing "Roar China!" into town, for it is highly interesting as laboratory work and, for one act at least, exciting to watch. All that it needs is a play which is as up-to-date as its pretensions.

"I can see, Professor, beneath it all you are a lovely person."

"The Last Enemy" is one of those English psychoses, attributable to what is known as "the Aftermath of the War," in which stray souls float about and revisit Hampstead and everything is very significant. The souls this time happen to belong to two Antarctic explorers, but it is only a matter of time before they get mixed up with the war, and the whole thing ends up on the first landing stage in the ascent to Heaven with everybody starting up and carrying on and popping off to the next stage. And cheery-ho!

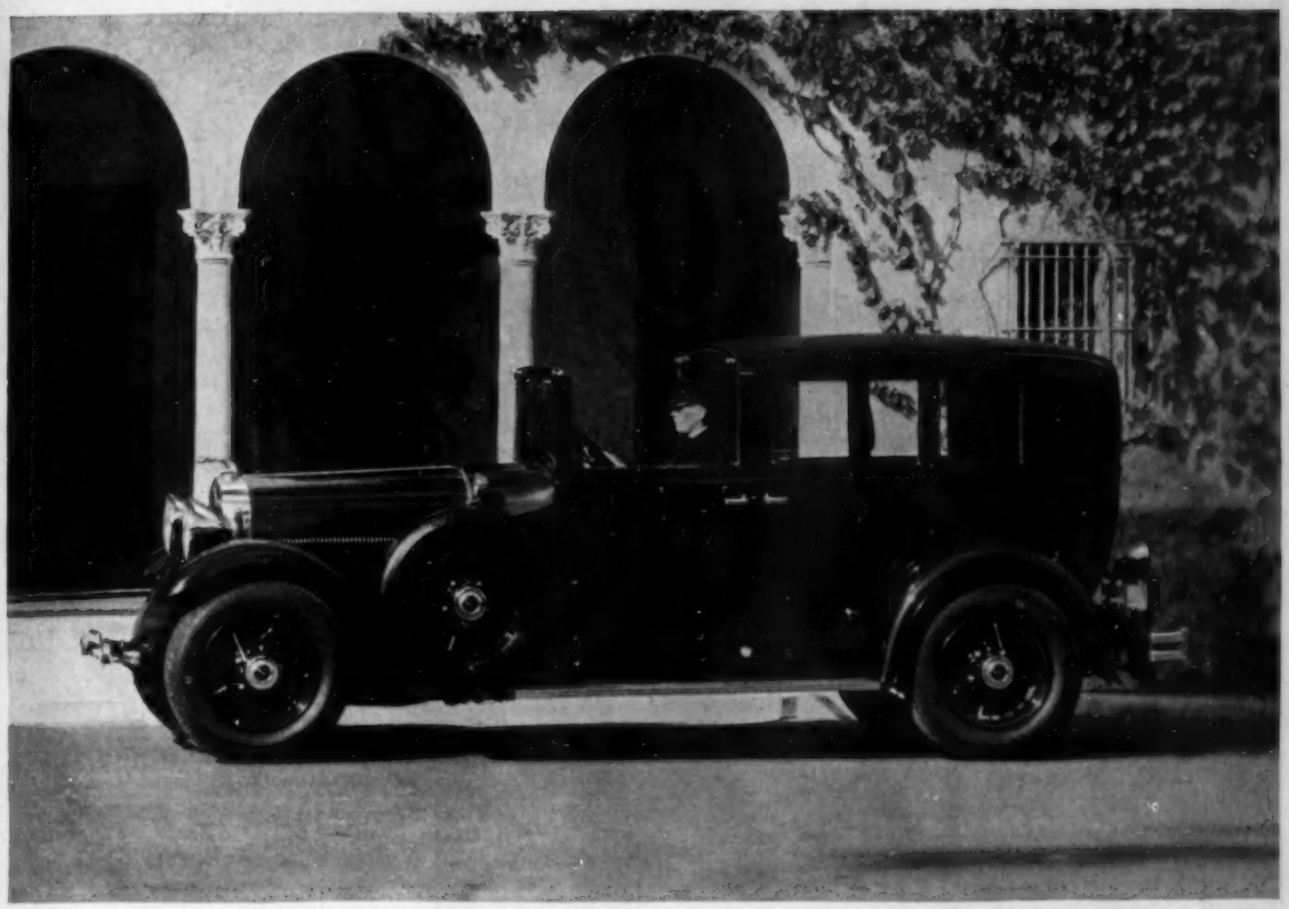
As a rule, I am quite willing to allow a lot of leeway to an author who wants to tell me his idea of what happens after Death. Having nothing particular myself to offer in rebuttal, I don't feel much like arguing. But, in order to follow "The Last Enemy," you must not only concede that we carry on and cheery-ho after Death, but that every man has an affinity on earth, whether he ever meets her or not, and that any child that this affinity may have had, by some poor travelling salesman or prime minister who thinks he is her husband, is really the child of the unknown man who is her affinity. I am afraid that I am not making myself clear.

At any rate, Mr. Frank Harvey has given us two dying Antarctic explorers (many of the lines in "The Last Enemy" are read from a horizontal position, owing to the actors' having to represent dying men at the time) and these two souls, on reaching the first floor of the Beyond, find that they have already had children by their unknown affinities. So they go right back to earth to check up.

Then came the war. One of the affinity children is a young lady who is saved by her affinity father from a fate worse than Death (though not quite so final). The other is a young man who, although his name in real life is Robert Douglas, is startlingly like Herbert Marshall in voice and gestures, and who, having been killed, according to the program, "towards Festubert," has the advantage of being personally conducted by his affinity father to the *premier étage* of the celestial staircase. From then on it looks as if everything were going to be plain sailing, and the curtain comes down.

If this report has seemed too flippant

THE LINCOLN



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for such serious subjects as War and Death, it is only because I was a little confused by "The Last Enemy" and only slightly moved. It may have been my fault, or Mr. Harvey's fault, or perhaps we can lay it to the Aftermath of the War.

—Robert Benchley

•

STORIES OF TODAY

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Instead of the classrooms.

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Of Beaver Dam, Wisconsin,
Was granted a divorce
By Judge Davison.
A few months later
The Judge reversed
His original decision.
A few months after that
The Judge reversed
His original reversal.
So Seyfert sent the case
To the Supreme Court.

And now that body
Has reversed the Judge's
Reversal of his reversal.

SIMPLE-SOULED

John Cobb
Was released from jail
In Holmesburg, Pennsylvania,
At the completion
Of a fifteen-year term.

His first question
As a free man
Was "What's this I hear
You can't get a drink any more?"

—W. E. Farbstein

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Once Again the Opera—Miss Garden and Debussy—
The Friends at the Metropolitan—Mr. Kleiber—Résumé

MORE than once has it been possible to hear Mme. Maria Mueller as Aïda, Mr. Martinelli as Rhadames, and other Metropolitan principals in the well-worn measures of Verdi's Egyptalian opera. Performances of "Aïda" with such notables rarely have called for intensive analysis, and if the bill which was presented on the opening night of the Metropolitan season had been presented a few nights later, it probably would have meant an off-evening for reviewers.

The opening of the opera season, however, is News, and therefore it is reported that "Aïda" is a good opera, that the cast was competent, that Mr. Serafin still is a fine conductor, that Miss De Leporte dances so effectively it's a wonder they haven't lifted her for musical comedy, and that plenty of people dressed up for the occasion. In other words, the opera season is under way, with business as usual. Better than usual, in fact, because the opening receipts set a new record, even if nothing else did.

Giulio Gatti-Casazza

THE local appearances of Mary Garden are sporadic, and her Debussy program with Walter Gieseking at Carnegie Hall was an event —more of an event, perhaps, than a musical event. Mr. Gieseking, of course, is one of the principal Debussyists, and to report that he played Debussy is to say that the composer received the benefit of adroit and sensitive pianism.

Miss Garden came to sing Debussy, but she remained to give one of the most diverting shows that Fifty-seventh Street has harbored in a long time. I shall not attempt to describe the long, white, clinging gown that she wore, or to recapture the gaily masterful stride with which she flung herself to the footlights. I leave to my more gifted colleagues an account of the hop, skip, and jump with which Miss Garden vanished through the curtains at the conclusion of each group. I falter when I attempt to translate into type the facial and manual gestures which were brought into action.

It is not so perplexing, however, to note the details of Miss Garden's singing. The tradition that she has no voice long since has been discarded; her voice is capable of anything that she attempts to do with it, and the manner in which she "covers" tones that might otherwise be harsh or strained is magnificent. Whether it be by shrewd manipulation of her vocal resources or by other stratagems, Miss Garden invariably establishes and maintains a mood—and in such songs as "Nuit" and "Green" she comes close to being supreme.

Even when Miss Garden departs from music "as written" she still does no violence to Debussy. I doubt whether the soprano solo from "La Damoiselle Élue" ever has been subjected to so many whimsicalities—and yet it was a brilliant bit of musical projection. The excerpt from "L'Enfant Prodigue" (not, by the way, the hackneyed "Air de Lia") was exceptionally colorful, and a few bows might have been awarded to M. Dansereau, the accomplished accompanist, for his musicianly assistance.

Debussy, however, was not the whole of Miss Garden's act. After her group of songs, she asked whether the audience would prefer a repetition of the first Ariette or a Scotch song; and the audience cried for Scotch. What followed was "Jock o' Hazeldean," done as if it were "Der Erlkönig," and later in the evening came "Annie Laurie" and "Comin' Thro' the Rye," delivered with equal vehemence. Finally, there was the inevitable "Depuis le jour," and everybody was reasonably satisfied.

Mr. Gieseking also presented a number of encores, but he indulged himself only in Debussy. Perhaps he doesn't know any Scotch songs.

THE Friends of Music may be found in the Metropolitan Opera House this year, and the auditorium is well suited to their offering. The crowding of chorus and orchestra on the stage has been eliminated by placing the band where it belongs—down in the pit; and Mr. Bodanzky naturally is entirely at home in these surroundings.

For the opening session of the season, the Friends brought out a selection of Bohemian music, including the "Libussa" Prelude of Smetana, Dvořák's four Biblical songs, and Janáček's "Festival Mass," which was enjoying its first American performance. Mr. Bodanzky was as incisive as ever, the Metropolitan Orchestra was untired, and the four soloists—the Mmes. Fleischer and Branzell, and Messrs. Gridley and Schorr—were in fine voice.

The musical content of this matinée was not ultra-impressive, but it was free from the excessive solemnity which has colored some previous entertainments by the Friends. The Smetana Prelude added nothing to the composer's reputation, but it was effective in an obvious way. Miss Fleischer sang Dvořák's unecclesiastical settings devoutly and with lovely tone, although a thumping piano accompaniment almost blew her off the stage.

Janáček's Mass is the liveliest Mass that I ever have heard, and it has a disarming folksong quality. The sections are marked "Kyrie Eleison," "Gloria," "Credo," "Sanctus," and "Agnus Dei," but many of the believers must have been startled to hear a "Gloria" that concluded with shattering strokes of the tympani, and a

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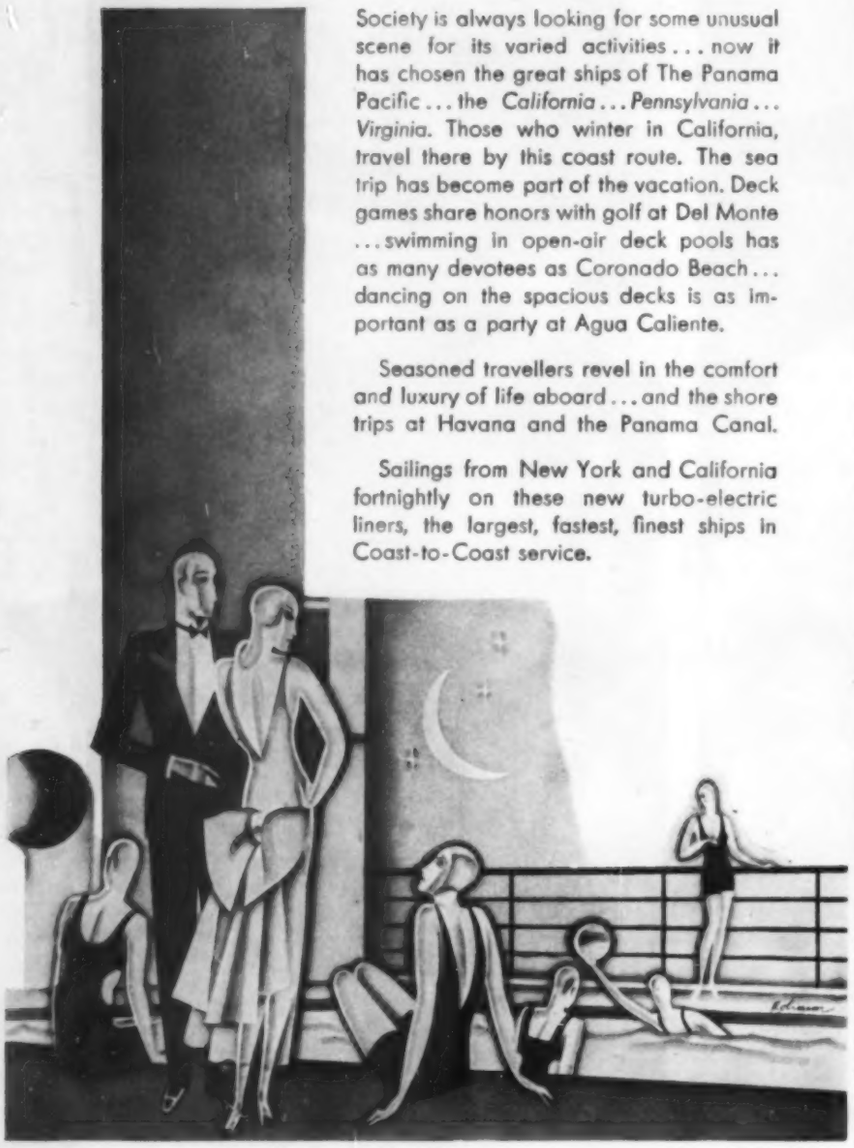

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"Credo" that could have been a love-song and which brought down applause. It is only fair to add that this Mass is really a cantata, and that it contains no dull moments. The performance was well up to the high standard of the Friends, and the soloists were more than competent, even if all except Mr. Gridley lamented the "since of the world."

COME this Sunday, Mr. Kleiber concludes his guest appearance with the Philharmonic-Symphony, and it is possible now to estimate his abilities. He has not been the usual guest conductor with a bundle of stock pieces designed to exploit his magic. He has avoided most of the spavined warhorses and has taken his chances on riding for a fall with contemporary music which we might not otherwise have heard for years.

As a conductor of Hindemith, Berg, Weinberger, and other living musicians, Mr. Kleiber made a splendid showing. As a disciplinarian and orchestra general, he proved himself quickly. In dramatic music, such as Berlioz' aging "Symphony Fantastique," he appeared to advantage. It was only when repose and serenity were demanded that he seemed inadequate.

Granting a lack of the "classic" in his direction and conceding an excess of tension, it still was a pleasure to have with us a conductor who did not concentrate exclusively on surefire items and who gave us an opportunity to hear music that, good or bad, is of our own time.

IN passing, it is worth while to note a few high spots of the early season, hitherto undiscussed in this corner: the brilliant and glowing performance of the MacDowell D-minor piano concerto by Ernest Hutcheson with the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, a performance the more notable because the accompaniment was not always "there;" Alfred Wallenstein's charm-

★ ★

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FORTUNATELY for a great many of us, most people accept a Christmas gift in the spirit in which it is given. The cost is not, nor should it be, considered. For at Christmas, perhaps more than at any other time, the thought is the thing that matters . . . the gift is simply a symbol of your affection.

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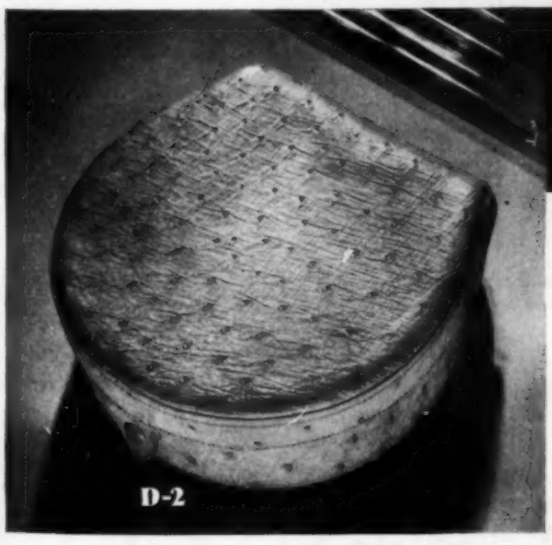

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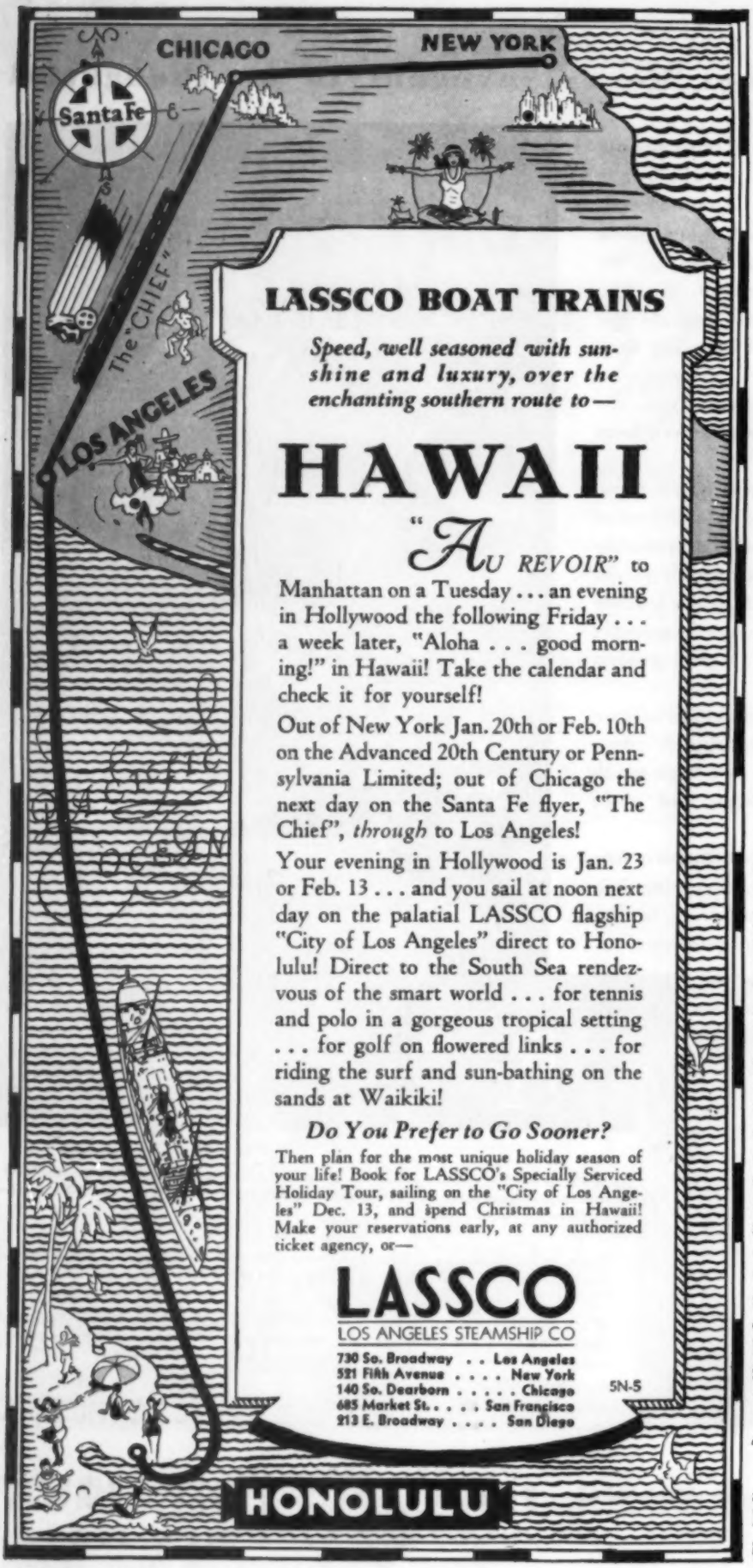
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ing 'cello-playing at his first local recital; Harold Samuel's evening of Bach; the chamber music of the Lener Quartet and the Gordon Quartet; the return of the English Singers; Joseph Szigeti's reappearance in the Brahms violin concerto; and the excellent broadcasting of Philharmonic-Symphony concerts by the Columbia Broadcasting System. —R. A. S.

POPULAR RECORDS

Analysis of "Body and Soul"—Piano and Trumpet—Dance Bands

POSSIBLY you may have encountered difficulty in obtaining a recording of "Body and Soul," the super-torch effusion from "Three's a Crowd"—but if you have had any such hardship, you have only yourself to blame. You may hear it sung by Helen Morgan (Victor 22532), Ruth Etting (Columbia 2300), or Libby Holman (Brunswick 4910). There are dance transcriptions prepared for your orthopedic delight by Ozzie Nelson's Orchestra (Brunswick 4922), Paul Whiteman and his helpers (Columbia 2289), or Leo Reisman and his associates (Victor 22537).

Which of these discs will spin on your turntable depends on your predilections. If you happen to be a worshipper of Miss Morgan, Miss Etting, or Miss Holman, nothing that I can tell you will be of much service—but if I had to buy a pressing of this *chanson triste*, I should invest in Miss Etting's edition. The others are good, too, but the Etting presentation is coupled with a mercurial setting-forth of "If I Could Be with You," which eclipses the various "Something to Remember You By" intonations that are mated with "Body and Soul" on the competing discs. Of the orchestral versions, the Whiteman arrangement is the most interesting, although for dancing the Reisman rhythmics may be more attractive. The Nelson disc is a crooner's performance; and if you wish intimacy, this is your record.

THERE are a few instrumental curios in the recent releases, such as Rudolph Friml's pianologue of his own "Indian Love Call" and "Huguet" Waltz (Victor 22540). Mr. Friml evidently is no purist in the

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transcription of his own melodies, for he handles it with a virtuosity that many another pianist might envy. Wide, high, and fancy trumpeting of an unusual order may be discovered in Louis Armstrong's adventures with "Weather Bird" and "Dear Old Southland" (Okeh 41454).

For many of the consumers, a new Chevalier offering is an event, and there probably will be a clamor for "It's a Great Life" and "My Ideal" (Victor 22542). The "Great Life" is a bright opus of optimism, which Le Chevalier does inimitably; the "Ideal" is not quite that for this artist. Crooning of the better sort may be discovered in Nick Lucas' ministrations to "Go Home and Tell Your Mother" and the "Kiss Waltz" (Brunswick 4900).

AMONG the dance records suggested for your consideration are the début impressions of several orchestras which may not be familiar to shoppers. Listen to:

NEVER SWAT A FLY and OLD-FASHIONED GIRL—Abe Lyman's Orchestra. Two of the smoothest efforts of the fall season, the orchestrations being inventive without being burdensome. (*Brunswick 4924*)

CONFESSIN' and IF I COULD BE WITH YOU—Louis Armstrong's Orchestra. Hot but not bothered. (*Okeh 41448*)

GO HOME AND TELL YOUR MOTHER—Don Voorhees' Orchestra. Smartly played and well recorded. (*Durium 1091*)

SING SOMETHING SIMPLE and IF I'D ONLY LISTENED TO YOU—Fred Rich's Orchestra. Clean, efficient handling of the illusively simple aria, coupled with a harmless but well-played fox trot. (*Columbia 2299*)

I DON'T MIND WALKING IN THE RAIN and I'LL BE A FRIEND WITH PLEASURE—Bix Beiderbecke's Orchestra. A new band for the Victor list, an ensemble that maintains melody with an underlying suggestion of the calorific. (*Victor 23008*)

MY BABY JUST CARES FOR ME and DON'T TELL HER—Isham Jones' Orchestra. Expert business in two unusually acceptable tunes. (*Brunswick 4907*)

BYE BYE BLUES and CHOO—Frank Trumbauer's Orchestra. Somewhat different treatment of the famous *addio*, combined with a pleasing "effect." (*Okeh 41450*)

LITTLE WHITE LIES—Vincent Lopez' Orchestra. The best Lopez recording in a long time, and the best recording of this hit. (*Durium 1088*)

IS THERE A PLACE UP THERE FOR ME? and GOSPEL TRAIN—Paul Tremaine's Orchestra. Captivating employment of spiritual material for dance purposes—and still in good taste. (*Columbia 2302*)

LOVE IS LIKE A SONG and SAY "OUI," CHÉRIE—Leo Reisman's Orchestra. Two smart airs by Vincent Youmans, well managed, with special emphasis on string operations. (*Victor 22531*) —POP

•

Nothing ever happens now around Horn's store, only sun up and sun down and change of the moon.—*Lone Oak (Okla.) News.*

Isn't that being a little blasé?

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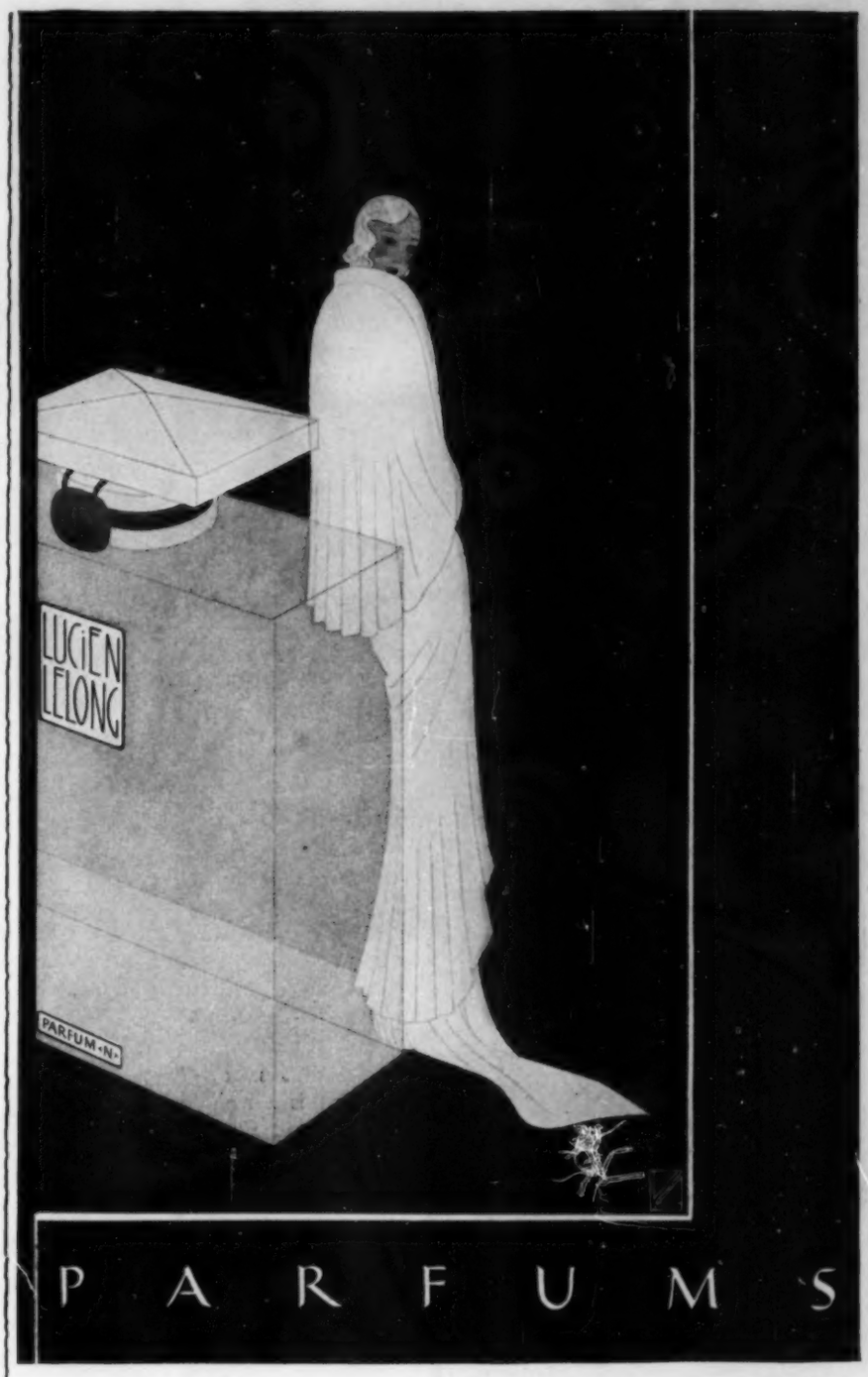
THE ART GALLERIES

The Embattled Natives—Marin's Marvels — Still More from France

IT seems that America became aware of art in 1930 A.D., through the second visit of one Henri Matisse. For about that time the city editors became aware of a lot of things about art, and it proved to be News. Among the many sage remarks dropped by M. Matisse, and garnered by the editors, was one to the effect—if we quote correctly, for a change—that upon learning to paint, an artist should have his tongue cut out. A very wise observation, we hold, for the art of painting extends somewhat beyond the reach of the well-marked highways used by speech and writing. The woods (reduced to print-pulp) are at the moment full of excursions and alarums about the French and the French influence, and another frustrate American has just sent out a wail, imploring the populace to stage a rebellion or a Boston tea party. One of the troubles, however, aside from there being too much talk, is that American art is already mixed with too much tea and water.

WE refer these brethren to John Marin, who is having his annual show at An American Place, the chaste rooms run by Alfred Stieglitz. Here is an American, bred and born, who has no time for talking, he is so busy painting. Perhaps that is one of the reasons he is America's great artist today. His full life has been spent going from one crest to another. Let those who will follow; his fun has been in his pursuit of whatever receding goal he set himself. We doubt very much if he has cared whether the multitude applauded or didn't know what he was about. Certainly he has wasted no time in scolding them for being less than one-hundred-per-cent American.

Marin himself would be the first to tell you that he is the spiritual child of Cézanne—if you insist upon having a formula for your label—yet we defy anyone to find anything more American than Marin and his breathless interpretation of this mad life. He is as native as Harlem and the Indians; and



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City.....State.....

still none of this essential nationalism comes from a mere reflection of local scenes. It is deeper than that and eludes definition. In one thing he is certainly French: he believes in art and works at it tirelessly, despite everything. Every now and then we wonder if he has not almost reached the end of his tether, and then we come upon his newest manifestation, such as the current show. We think he is great enough to rest on his laurels, but evidently he does not. Again we were amazed at the beauty of his invention and the illimitableness of his beauty.

There are no titles in the catalogue so we can only indicate roughly the pictures that burned themselves into our memory. We doubt if we have ever seen anything lovelier than Marin's trees, or more stirring than his Indian dances. Then there is a series going back to his early days of skyscrapers, but subtler in conception and richer in color. (Marin's new color, by the way, is one of the glorious things of his autumn.) It is an amazing show of a superlative artist and worth all the time you give it, even if you are employed. We, for one, are thankful to have lived in the era seen and set down by John Marin.

Stieglitz has craftily set out one of the artist's early etchings. This tangible evidence of draughtsmanship may help Marin with the multitude. If not, it is their loss.

KNOEDLER's first exhibition of the season is a rather good show of the beleaguered French, called "Masterpieces of the Nineteenth Century." One or two of them may be that; anyway, the painters are masters and the examples set forth are stirring, as all good French painting is. Seurat's "La Parade," one of the few large canvases of the Pointillist school, is here, as is Degas' "Portrait de Diégo Martelli." We thought a great deal of the Gauguin, which has some burning pinks, and the Van Gogh, of course, thrilled us; any canvas from him does. Cézanne is represented by a portrait of a man and "Madame Cézanne in Blue." Then there is a swell Lautrec, and a good Renoir; and two of the early masters, Corot and Delacroix, are included. Most of the canvases are shown here for the first time, having been brought from famous European collections by Étienne Bignou, who has also prepared the scholarly catalogue.

JACQUES SELIGMANN has a show for the lovers of Degas, and they should

COTY

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Coty Perfume enhances its lovelier lustre

A DELICATE Coty Perfume selected to blend the manicure with your own perfume greets you as you use Coty Perfumed Manicure Polish.

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There is none of the artificial overcoated appearance discriminating women dislike. Because smoother brushing qualities make *a single coat* all you need to keep the nails exquisitely groomed, sparkling for at least a week. Coty Perfumed Manicure Polish will not chip, peel or make the nails brittle.

Four shades: Clear, Medium, Deep, or Extra Deep—$1.00. Perfumed Polish and Solvent Combination—$1.50. At the better shops everywhere.

The test below proves that Coty Polish does not become unusable through evaporation the way ordinary polishes do.

After six days of exposure to the air ordinary polishes became gummy and practically solid.

Coty Perfumed Manicure Polish tested the same way remained fluid—easy to spread and dried quickly on the nails.

be many. These are the drawings, footnotes, and charts for Degas' larger canvases. As we have said before, such patterns and gear have a great interest for us, somehow humbling genius to our level. Here we find the sketches for the portrait of Miss Lola and the picture of the Cirque Fernando that now hangs in the National Gallery, London. Then there are two or three pastels of the little ballet girls, beautiful beyond belief. It is a show we could spend hours over.

IF Impressionism had been the end of painting, we suppose Mary Cassatt and Berthe Morisot would be more important than they are. To us they seem a rather faint echo of the grandeur of their time, reflecting here the storm raised by Cézanne, there the calm of Renoir, with passing bows to Degas, Lautrec, and even Boudin. They were brave girls in their day, but memory is contracting more every year and we imagine they will settle down to their niche as among those present in art. Their show at Durand-Ruel closes November 10.

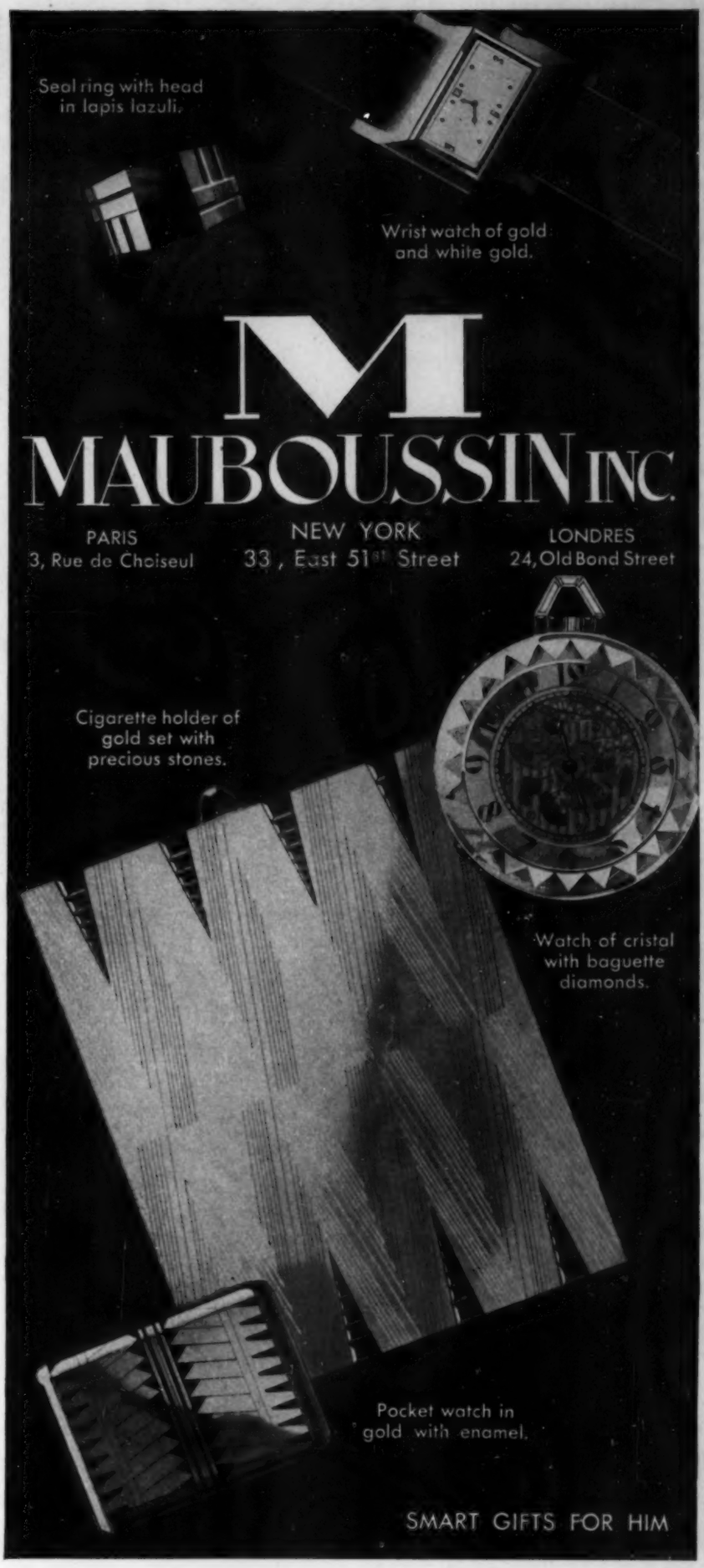
HERE AND THERE: The Argent Galleries have lithographs by Charles Locke and woodcuts by Allen Lewis. . . . Sculpture by Reuben Nakian and oils by Julia Kelly are at the Downtown Gallery. . . . The Chambrun Galleries are holding a show called "A Century of French Etchings." . . . The work of the Louis Comfort Tiffany Foundation students is on view at the American Art Association-Anderson Galleries. . . . A brand-new gallery, named after its founder, Baron Truetzschler von Falkenstein, has opened in the Squibb Building. . . . The famous "Ecce Homo" of Daumier has arrived at the Museum of Modern Art. . . . Lurçat, one of the best of the younger French, has a show of his drawings and tapestries at the John Becker Gallery and will have one of oils at the Valentine Gallery beginning November 10. . . . Forty Americans are on view at Dudensing. . . . Reginald Marsh has a show of water colors and oils at the new Frank K. M. Rehn Galleries.

—MURDOCK PEMBERTON

•

He was sent to Roff home, and was found there reading Beau Geste, and was later carried to Macon hospital to die. —*Macon (Ga.) Evening News.*

We know a man who pulled through.


Seal ring with head in lapis lazuli.
Wrist watch of gold and white gold.
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24, Old Bond Street
Cigarette holder of gold set with precious stones.
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Pocket watch in gold with enamel.
SMART GIFTS FOR HIM

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE BIG RED TEAM

THERE is a roar, a mighty roar, a stupendous roar from the stands, and suddenly with a wild dash eleven red helmets swoop out upon the sun-swept gridiron. The Big Red Team!

Eleven amateur athletes, and each hero cost between twenty-two and twenty-five thousand dollars to equip, train, coach, feed, transport, and place out here on the field. A lot of money? Nothing of the sort. The Big Red Team has played this season to over half a million spectators and collected over a million in gate money. Cheap enough, at that rate of exchange, and proof, as that character-builder, the Old Man, often remarks, that "there isn't anything wrong with the great game of American football when so many persons will pay that much dough just to see a bunch of boys kick a ball around a field."

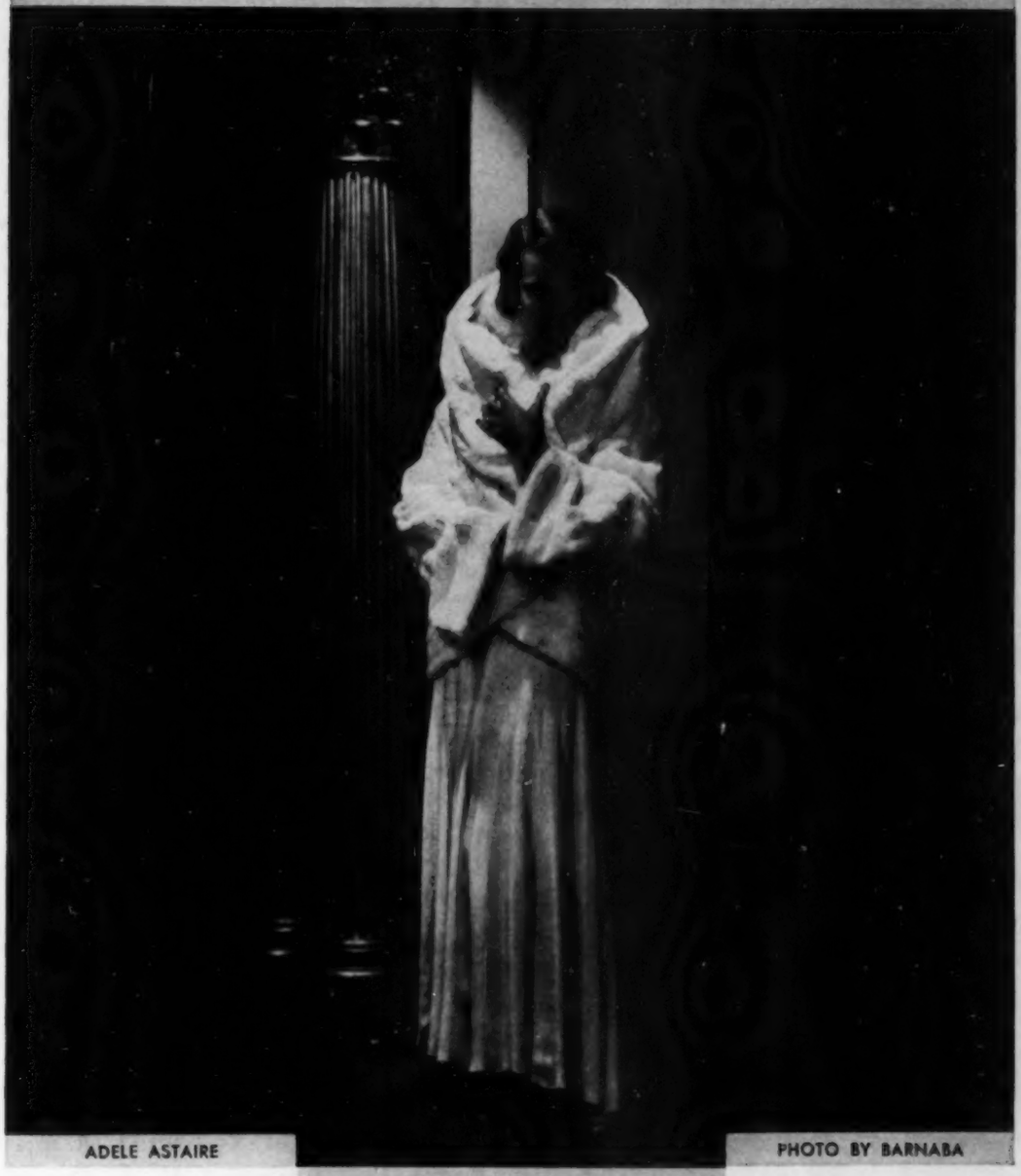
THE Big Red Team has in the course of the season travelled ten thousand miles up to this, the final, decisive, culminating, championship game of the year. As they left Collegeville with the cheers of the student body ringing in their ears, "Ray, ray, ray, team, team, team!," things on board were instantly organized, for the Old Man's discipline is notoriously severe. Usually the squad travels in three Pullmans attached to some regular limited, but inasmuch as this journey is of such importance and the team will dress and sleep in their cars while in their opponent's town, a special train has been chartered. (Half price by the Southeastern System, thanks to the advertising.)

Aboard the ten-car train, besides the team, is the Director of Athletics, the Director of Public Relations, the Assistant Director of Athletics, the Assistant Director of Public Relations, the Old Man, the Old Man's assistant, the eight other coaches, the four scouts, the doctors (two always accompany the Big Red Team so that if one gets a sudden attack of apoplexy, medical attention will still be available), Doc Maguire, the trainer, his assistant, the four rubbers, the dietitian, the shoemaker, as well as Jo ("Himself") McClusky, the professional entertainer who is hired to cheer the team up at meals and the night before the game. Thirty grown men to take care of a bunch of boys whose ages average about twenty!

Up forward there is a baggage car containing the fifty trunks with all necessary equipment, the footballs, drugs, the various supplies, and also the thirty large five-gallon carboys of special water which the team has been drinking all fall and which they must continue to drink en route. Just behind is another baggage car equipped with lockers, and partitioned off with six shower baths, hot and cold water. The car behind, another baggage car, is the physiotherapy room; here Doc Maguire is already at work with his assistants. Tables are being installed, the medicines, ointments, tape, plaster, bandages, and other necessities of football are being laid out and made ready. In the car just behind this, a Pullman, is the press.

Ordinarily the newspapermen would not be herded off in exactly this manner; but with such an important match ahead, the Old Man wishes to keep the squad quiet, so the press is diplomatically steered into quarters of its own where everything possible is being done for its entertainment. Thus one of the coaches is brought out every few hours from the next car and thrown in as a sacrifice to Moloch. His duty until relieved is to talk to the boys ("No high-hat stuff, now, Bill; y'gotta handshake 'em a little" were the instructions of the Old Man), dispense information about the squad in tiny amounts, answer foolish questions, and

SHAYNE



ADELE ASTAIRE

PHOTO BY BARNABA

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Neither seasons nor business conditions alter the stability and integrity of Shayne prices. One buys here *knowing* that the price paid is the true, intrinsic value of the fur. Since we never hold so-called "sales", our prices are never inflated to provide a margin for later reduction. On the contrary, four years of careful comparison have proved that Shayne's *regular* prices are, quality for quality, usually as low or lower than prices available elsewhere only during "sale" periods. There is extremely gratifying evidence that the sanity and honesty of these principles have earned the fullest approval of sophisticated women.

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Clothes for Every Occasion

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HENRY A. ROST, President

IDEALLY located on Fifth Avenue, at the entrance to Central Park, The Plaza and Savoy-Plaza offer the highest standards of hospitality . . . National Hotel of Cuba, Havana, will open December 15, 1930.

RENEWAL OF THE ARTISTIC MORNINGS AT THE PLAZA

Lucrezia Bori, famous lyric soprano of The Ravinia and The Metropolitan Opera Companies . . . Alberto Salvi, world's foremost harpist . . . Peter Chambers, baritone were the featured artists at the renewal of the artistic mornings at The Plaza. Programs of equal interest will be presented on succeeding Thursdays at half after eleven.

FRED STERRY, President — JOHN D. OWEN, Manager

The PLAZA
New York

otherwise act the swell guy all coaches are supposed to be in the folklore of the newspaper sporting pages. Books and magazines galore have been supplied by the Athletic Association and are now lying on every seat, while several Third Assistant Managers are going up and down the aisle handing out dice, packs of cards, and poker chips.

The Student Manager of the Big Red Team is an important personage. His free and affable manner with the sporting gentry proves that he is on a par with the Director of Athletics and the Head of the Department of Public Relations, who happen to be at one end of the car whispering with a veteran sportswriter. The Student Manager is a senior; he does no work and occupies a position toward his subordinates like that of the general commanding an army corps, or the president of the Federal Reserve Bank. Immediately under him is the Assistant Manager, a junior who, like his superior, seldom deigns to work and is now busy being clubby with the press. The two Second Assistant Managers, sophomores, are hard workers; they direct and govern the Mob, and one of the two will be promoted at the end of the season. The Mob, officially known as the Third Assistant Managers, are six freshmen who have been chosen by competition from some fifty applicants. They work.

IN the next two cars, which are the Holy of Holies, reclines the Big Red Team with its thirty-five substitutes, characterized in the words of the country's greatest sportswriter as "those immortal Titans who have swept the

IT IS REVOLUTIONIZING SKIN CARE . . .

this clear, simple answer to the new needs of today —

- **cleanser**
- **tissue-oil**
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in the cream that washes away-

Machine-age dirt—It burrows deep and clings . . . Dry, drooping skins! as make-up saps their oils . . . Sluggish circulation!—that needs rousing to brisk life: these are Today's problems. And here is Today's answer

So simply, so clearly, this luscious Cream of Pinaud's meets the new needs of today . . . all by itself! First it cleanses—exquisitely, deeply (cleanses so perfectly, in fact, that once you've felt that delicious clean-pore freshness, other creams seem simply stifling!) Its delicate oils are so rich, so swiftly-absorbed, that it supples dry, starved tissues even while you spread it on! Then, as you splash on lots and lots of plain clear water, Pinaud's Cream dissolves and *washes away!* Even the deep-lying little "plugs" of grease and dirt at the bottom of the pores are gently loosened and "floated" to the surface . . . even droopy, drawn tissues are freshened into tingling, vivid life, like your body after a cold shower . . . even the busiest woman can give her face scientific care! For perhaps the nicest thing of all about the treatment is its simplicity: Smooth the Cream on—then wash it away! Try this famous French method now revolutionizing skin care the world round. PINAUD, Paris—New York.

Send now *for a special tube of Pinaud's Cream, enclosing* 25c. *Address, Pinaud, Dept.* N-11, 220 *East* 21 *Street, New York City.*

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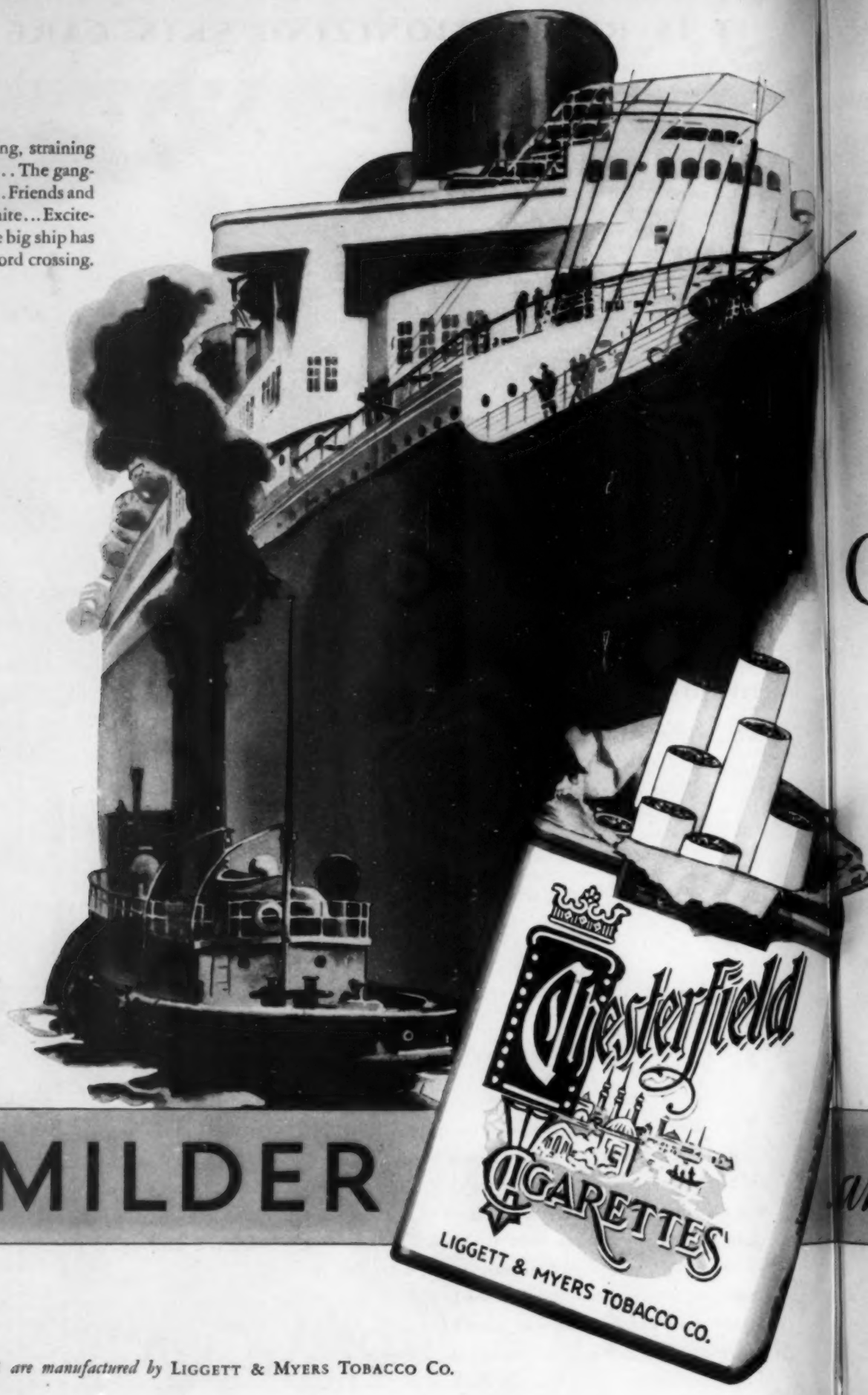
THE puffing, straining tugs nose her in . . . The gangplank's lowered . . . Friends and families gayly reunite . . . Excitement reigns . . . the big ship has made another record crossing.



for MILDER

Chesterfield Cigarettes are manufactured by LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

ONE *will always stand out!*

NEW FACES, new places, new scenes, but now, home again! How good it seems . . .

And everywhere you went, you found Chesterfield—in every quarter of the globe. *Everywhere,* because everywhere Chesterfield stands out as "the cigarette of better taste."

In Paris, in Rome, in London, in Shanghai, in Bombay, in Rio de Janeiro—the world over—smokers look to Chesterfield for:

MILDNESS—the entirely natural mildness of tobaccos that are without harshness or bitterness.

BETTER TASTE—such as only a cigarette of wholesome purity and better tobaccos can have.

and BETTER TASTE

They Satisfy –that's *Why!*

INTRODUCING the NEW
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CONOVER Electric
DISHWASHER
IT WASHES, RINSES, DRIES
and is Self-Cleansing

Again The Conover Company is first to present outstanding new improvements in portable electric dishwashers for the home. *New beauty, new simplicity, new durability* characterize the new AA-3 Conover and the larger new model TR-3 Conover now being shown for the first time.

19 Major Refinements

One-piece enameled tank with simplified lines and easily accessible operating controls. Metal parts chromium plated. New improved drain valve system-and-control *measures water automatically.* New ball-bearing rubber tread casters. Oil-less bearings. Easily adjustable inlet outlet pipe. Improved switch at most convenient location. Flexible rubber racks that are easier to load and more durable than the former metal racks. New, efficient impeller, etc. Requires no new sink nor plumbing.

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Ask for "The Better Way to Do Dishes". New Portable CONOVER models are sold only by leading department stores, electric light companies and other electric appliance dealers. *Sink Model CONOVERS* sold only by the plumbing trade.

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nation's gridirons from East to West and from North to South in a blaze of crimson glory." One or two of the immortal Titans present rather a seedy appearance; they are badly in need of a shave. However, it is not from laziness but from superstition that these educated men never shave during the four days before a big game.

Four or five are throwing dice, several are looking out the windows, and a few are reading. Not books; the Old Man rather discourages reading books except in college. To him it savors of his favorite aversion, "a lounge lizard." Outwardly the team gives the impression of relaxing, but the Old Man will soon make them snap out of it. A Third Assistant Manager enters ringing an obnoxiously loud bell. Behind him is another slave carrying a large blackboard. Instantly everything breaks up, as from the forward car the Old Man comes in, followed by the other coaches.

The disorder of the coaches coming in from the forward car and the other players entering from the rear car soon resolves itself into order. The quarterbacks unite about the quarterback coach, the ends are grouped together and tested in offensive and defensive formations by the end coach, the backfield coach drills the backfield men, while at one end of the car the Old Man, the captain, and the varsity quarterback are closeted with the two scouts in a compartment, rehearsing the enemy's formations. Large photographs of the actual play and charts of the photographs are passed from hand to hand, while on the blackboard—supported by a rather tired Third Assistant Manager—the Old Man explains the formations and adopts defensive measures, red chalk for his team, blue chalk for the enemy. Work of this sort lasts strenuously until supper. Time to eat.

IN order to safeguard the Big Red Team, the press eats after the squad, which tramps through to the diner with zest. One of them carries a football under his arm, the Fighting Irishman, Mike Rinaldo, who almost lost the last game when he fumbled on the ten-yard line and cost the team a touchdown. By the Old Man's orders Mike has to carry a football about with him all day long wherever he goes, and is even obliged to take it to bed. Chances are Mike will not fumble this Saturday.

Two members of the troupe reign supreme at the evening meal. One is the professional entertainer, Jo ("Him-

WHAT—
NO COVER CHARGE?

For three hours and a half of dancing to the soft, Southern rhythm of Smith Ballew and his orchestra, and a complete dinner—from its hors d'oeuvre to demi tasse—that sets a new standard in cuisine and luxurious service.

Club dinner—weekdays and Sundays—$2.00. Luncheon à la carte. Five minutes from your theatre seats. Private rooms for special functions—6 to 60. Beefsteak Dungeon—50 to 250—without extra charge—VANderbilt 7057.

SALTZMAN'S
RESTAURANT
LINCOLN BUILDING
60 EAST 42nd STREET

TUESDAY—the day when Ion died, according to the Greek legend, and his sister, On, began her long vigil at his grave, weeping until there grew, from the spot where her tears fell, a strange plant that caused all who approached it to weep.

It's Tuesday.

It was given the combined names of the devoted brother and sister—On-Ion. Tuesday is also the day when many people would burst into tears if anything should prevent them tuning in on WABC at 8:45 p.m., when The Premier Chef and his Salad Dressers make the ether crackle with their sparkling program.

self") McClusky, who intersperses the dinner with songs and wisecracks until even the most hungry athlete is obliged to pause and listen to Jo's antics. "Ain't he a card, though?" as the Old Man suggests. The other dictator in the dining car is the dietitian, a sallow gentleman who looks as though he needed a good meal. He has entire charge of the squad's food, arranges every repast both at home and abroad, and sees to it that the water on the tables is the water from the special carboys by pouring it into the glass water bottles himself.

After dinner Jo gives a monologue, starts a little singing, and at nine o'clock Doc Maguire comes through to warn the boys to turn in. At nine-thirty he snaps off the lights in the car and that's that. The next day passes much like the first, with more conferences, except that several times the Third Assistant Managers come by with slips of paper on which are typed each man's duties during the game. Ordinarily the Big Red Team would go to a hotel, and dress at the field; but on this trip they are staying in the train, so the morning of the contest finds their train anchored in the yards of the rival college. Everyone eats a heavy breakfast; a big glass of orange juice, a husky steak, potatoes, milk, and lots of toast and butter. The boys pile in the grub because they will have nothing more to eat until after the game; food doesn't digest well on a nervous stomach.

At eleven-thirty the squad pushes through the empty train and crowds into one baggage car to get dressed. If the ladies will please wait outside we'll go in and watch them, and perhaps you will get some idea of what becomes of that twenty-two thousand dollars, or part of it anyhow.

THE first thing that goes on is special underwear; a pair of tights, an undershirt, and then each man sits down to be taped. The taping process takes time and skill. Because nearly everyone must be taped, not only the trainer and his assistants with the two rubbers are helping, but three of the coaches are also pressed into service. The Director of Athletics will inform you that twelve miles of tape are used each season; watching the process you can readily believe this. It is being done as cleanly and as delicately as if by a trained nurse; in fact that is what these bald-headed, keen-eyed men kneeling there upon the floor really are, the nurses of the Big Red

SHOPPING WITH Janet Gray AT LEWIS & CONGER

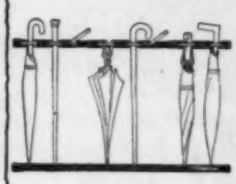
FOR DE-JUICING FRUIT

HERE'S a good bet when you want fruit juice in a hurry. Hold the fruit on it, face down, turn the handle and out streams the juice—strained. Rubber suction cup feet hold the reamer fast on any table top, even slippery porcelain. $3.95

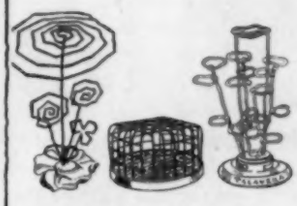
A NEW SORT OF COAT RACK

THE Big Chief went shopping the other day, and the most surprising things have been coming home ever since. The Utilatree Coat Rack was one. When the gang arrives, it sprouts bars and rods for a dozen coats and hats. Then it folds up and reposes in the closet until the next time. Mahogany or walnut finish; also green or white enamel. $10.00

OFF-THE-FLOOR UMBRELLA RACK



THIS fastens to the back of the hall closet door. Holds eight umbrellas and canes and takes up no room doing it. Each stands safely upright in its own holder. Really pretty slick! Ours is painted green. They come in ivory, too. 24" wide. $3.50



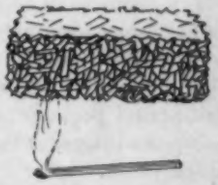
FLOWER ARRANGERS

IF I do say it myself, I manage to get some rather lovely effects in flower arrangement—thanks mostly to cleverly designed Flower Holders. One (left) has a series of spiral rings at different heights. $1.00. Another (center) a square mesh, particularly good for low bowls. $1.00. And a third (right) has accommodating wire loops that can be manipulated for artistic flower groupings. $2.00

HAVE YOU A BABY?

SUSAN finds the Baby Tub Table a big help in bathing her wrigglesome young one. The tub part is of rubberized fabric. Then a smooth canvas top slides over the tub, which gives her a dressing table. Pockets around the edge hold the baby's toilet things. $12.00

FIRE LIGHTERS



PLACE a Dixie Firelighter under the logs, touch a match to it, and in no time at all the logs are blazing merrily. Dixies are rosin soaked briquettes. I like them because they save all the muss and bother of kindling and newspapers. They're inexpensive, too—a package of 80 for $3.00

Janet Gray

LEWIS & CONGER

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Placating Patrician Palates..

YOU can't cure an epicure. The epicure crop of two generations ago first spotted Deerfoot Farm Sausage in 1870. Nary another kind of sausage will they eat since then.

That's true the world over on the Park Avenues of this sphere; in homes, hotels, clubs. Nobody in the *haute monde* thinks of ordering sausage; it's always "Deerfoot Farm Sausage."

On the off chance that you don't know why this is so, may we suggest that you yourself try these delectable morsels made of choice cuts and a secret blend of savory spices?

Try them with eggs or with waffles and syrup or for luncheon with mashed potatoes. Buy them in link form in the pound package; sausage patties in the half-pound package; sausage meat in two-pound bags, at butcher's, grocer's, delicatessen.

DEERFOOT FARM Sausage

NATIONAL DAIRY

Team. Once taped, the players draw on a pair of woollen socks that reach only to their shoetops, next a pair of crimson stockings—curious stockings these, for they come down merely to the ankles, having a loop that goes under the arch of the foot. Next the tin cups are fastened on and then a shoulder-pad is tenderly placed with the help of one of the trainers. The hip-and-kidney pad is strapped on; as this is a big game, you may notice that all the equipment is brand-new.

Next comes a red jersey, and then the new silk pants are climbed into and carefully laced up. Now shoes. At this moment a wizened little chap in the rear steps forward and begins a process of activity. He helps the men on with their shoes, yanks them off immediately, takes them over to one corner where he taps and pounds them on a steel last, returns, feels of them solicitously inside and out, puts them on the player again, and watches with concern as he steps out on the floor. This little man is just one more proof of the Old Man's attention to detail. He is the Collegeville shoemaker and has complete charge of the team's footwear, accompanies it on all trips, and even goes to the field and sits on the sidelines with his cobbler's equipment ready in case anything goes wrong.

Now for the hero's sweater, the big crimson sweater, and, as it is a chilly day outside, a kind of sweatshirt comes on over the sweater. On top of all this a muffled Esquimauish outer garment with a hood on it. His crimson-painted headguard will be handed to him just as he runs out from the tunnel onto the field.

ALL these things, of course, cost money. Bear in mind that the prices here mentioned are made by the

FOR Contract Players

Press the Button

Here's the Center-score—the new Steelart Table for bridge enthusiasts. Score pad—with auction and contract rules—is kept in center of table under glass. Touch a button and score pad glides out. A gentle push and it slides back into position. An ideal gift. Lyon Metal Products, Incorporated, Aurora, Illinois.

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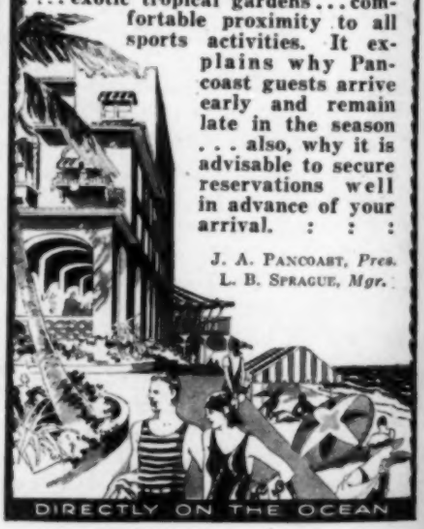
LYON STEELART Furniture

The HOTEL **PANCOAST**

MIAMI BEACH, FLORIDA

A DISTINGUISHED guest recently said: "The art of living attains perfection at the Pancoast." His remark was inspired by a composite vision of the hotel's many superior advantages . . . luxurious details of service and appointments . . . celebrated cuisine . . . unsurpassed location, directly on the ocean . . . private bathing beach and exclusive cabana colony . . . exotic tropical gardens . . . comfortable proximity to all sports activities. It explains why Pancoast guests arrive early and remain late in the season . . . also, why it is advisable to secure reservations well in advance of your arrival. : : :

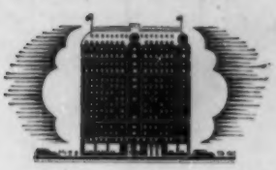
J. A. PANCOAST, *Pres.*
L. B. SPRAGUE, *Mgr.*



big sporting-goods companies because the Big Red Team buys generously; bear in mind also that this is the third or fourth time in the season that they have been re-outfitted from head to toe. It probably costs between eighty and a hundred dollars to clothe each player for this game. Underwear, socks and stockings, shoulder and hip-and-kidney pads, a jersey, a pair of silk pants, and a sweater will run to about fifty dollars. Shoes are perhaps the most important item on the bill. They are made to order and cost twenty-five dollars a pair. When you have paid eight dollars more for a helmet, four dollars for a sweater, and three for a sweatshirt, you have made a big hole in a hundred-dollar bill.

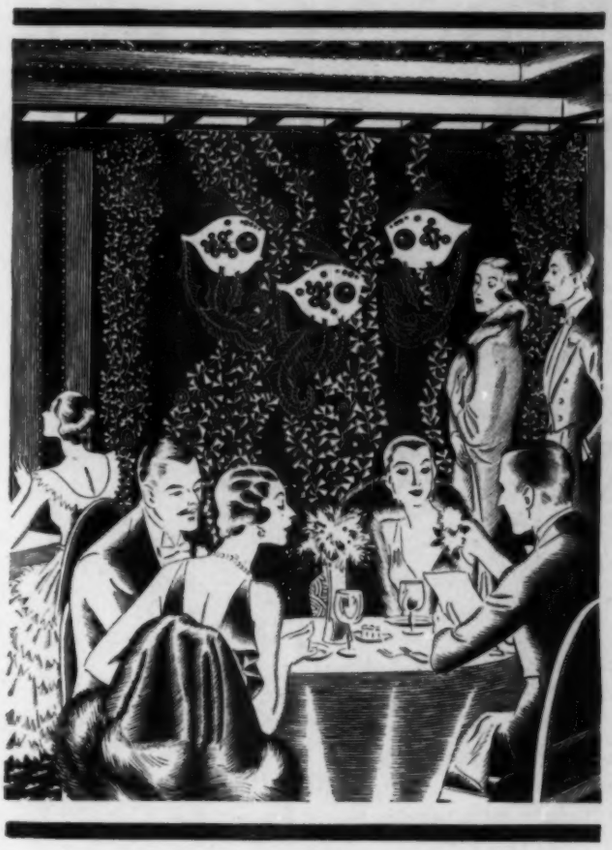
MEANWHILE the Third Assistant Managers have been getting hell from everyone; even the Manager deigns to speak to them this afternoon. For the squad and its auxiliaries are in a state of suppressed but increasing nervousness. Each player's duplicate equipment down to his underwear must be rolled carefully into a duffle bag and taken along in case some player tears his trousers, rips off a cleat, or gets spavined during the game. At the same time two other Third Assistant Managers, led by their top sergeant, one of the Second Assistant Managers, have trundled off in a small truck to the field. They have prepared the bench for the coaches by spreading blankets around and under it; this is done not only to keep the mentors warm, but also to shield and protect the Old Man by drawing a cloak around his revered person in case he wishes to convey some information to his quarterback by means of a discreet signal. Behind this low, long bench are placed the thirty-five helmets of the substitutes in regular rows, each one numbered to correspond to the number the player wears upon his back. A series of seats in the stands behind accommodates these men; already this has been spread with blankets and a small sign stuck on a pole in the ground just in front: "BE SURE AND REPORT TO THE REFEREE." The little water cart always carried on such trips is being oiled and made ready; it contains a carboy of the precious water, another carboy on a shelf underneath the top, with a short hose and a nozzle attached so that the trainer can spray the players' faces; as well as a bunch of paper cups in a tray, a dozen towels, some tape, and a roll of ankle bandages.

Meanwhile in the baggage car the



BEGINNING

SMART NEW YORK'S SEASON



Once again, the inimitable Vincent Lopez wields his baton in the Seaglade. It flashes in the restless emerald-golds of Urban's famous setting. It releases a flood of master dance rhythms...a swelling tide of brilliant, groomed gaiety as smart New York inaugurates another season in the manner it knows and prefers. Thus, St. Regis graciousness extends through every feature of its accommodations...transient rooms ...and suites, short or long-term lease.

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TRAVEL to Miami or Havana as fashion decrees . . . by water. Sail on a big modern Clyde-Mallory Liner, to your favorite Southern resort. Live in the smart manner of cosmopolitan New York . . . taste the exhilaration of present day sea-going refinements . . . discover why exacting travelers find so much of the unusual in this short, refreshing ocean jaunt.

Direct express service New York to Miami every Saturday in December; every Wednesday and Saturday, January to April. Direct overnight service between Miami and Havana, January to April. Sailings New York to Jacksonville, calling at Charleston, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Attractive all-expense tours to Miami and Havana and other famous Southern resorts.

Automobiles Carried

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CLYDE-MALLORY Lines
AGWI LINES

team is now dressed, checked, reported, and ready for play at last. The car has been cleared of much of its junk; the trainer, the rubbers, with most of their equipment, have been loaded onto another truck, which has transported them to the field, where they will disembark and set up shop in a small dressing-room under the stands. The Old Man is now left alone for a few minutes with the team. One or two brief moments and then they troop out of the car, very solemn, rather unhappy-looking. They are piled into another bus and off they jolt to victory or defeat.

When they enter the little dressing-room on their way to the gridiron, they feel rather like a lot of convicts about to pass into the chamber which leads to electrocution and another world. Over them ramp and roar eighty thousand good Americans; most of them there thanks to the Department of Public Relations and its infernal ballyhoo. They are there to see for themselves what the Big Red Team can do.

•

ALL this time, back in Collegeville, several thousand miles away, the undergraduates sit in the drill hall, which echoes and reverberates to their cheers and songs. They will see the game as they have seen more than one this season, by radio. Out in the crisp sunshine on the field, the umpire in white golf pants is tossing up the coin while the little knot of men about him in midfield watch it anxiously. Back in the drill hall the crowd seethes and eddies with half-suppressed enthusiasm, an irresistible, contagious enthusiasm. Spontaneously they burst into song:

"When the Big . . . Red . . . Team gets hold of you . . . Jamestown . . . *good night!*" —JOHN R. TUNIS

•

ANALGESIC DIAGNOSIS

Sometimes he's nice, sometimes he's horrid,
Sometimes his disposition's torrid,
And then again his sweetness makes
Me love him so my larynx aches.

It would be easier for me
If he were cross consistently,
For then I might achieve a grim
Capacity for hating him,

Instead of thinking maybe he's
An avalanche of miseries
Which have consigned him to a fate
Of sodium bicarbonate.

—MARGARET FISHBACK

THE LUXURY CRUISE
MEDITERRANEAN
PALESTINE
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Greatest Program in History of this famous Cruising Steamer

ROTTERDAM

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71 days of delight
A trip to the "Eternal City," Rome, without extra charge

AMERICAN EXPRESS CO. in charge of shore excursions

The Rotterdam was recently entirely modernized. You will find her a model of modern comfort. Swimming pool, gymnasium and many spacious public salons. Excellently ventilated and spotlessly clean. Service and cuisine are the last word in perfection. Enjoyable and jolly entertainment.

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WEST INDIES

Cruises of Enchantment
12 Days $150 up All Expenses

TO PUERTO RICO! To Santo Domingo! "Islands of Enchantment"—garden spots of tropical loveliness enriched by 400 years of Spanish splendor.

Sailings every Thursday. Luxurious S. S. "Coamo" or "San Lorenzo" your home for entire cruise. Wide range of accommodations and faultless service. Stop-overs permitted. Fascinating motor sight-seeing trips in and about San Juan and Santo Domingo City included in rate.

New
S. S. BORINQUEN
in service Feb., 1931

AGWI LINES

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PORTO RICO LINE
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CUT THAT WASTE!

IN checking up the extravagances of our elected authorities the worst wastefulness I have found is in this matter of voting machines. The voting machine costs a lot of money, and it is used one day a year, and then stuck away for three hundred and sixty-four days (three hundred and sixty-five in leap years), doing nothing but standing around in vaseline, eating its head off. That is not good business.

In my modest little home I had a similar problem and I faced it squarely and conquered it. In my case it was the Christmas-tree holder.

"Here," I said to myself, "is this Christmas-tree holder that cost good money, and it is used but once a year, and the rest of the time it is not earning its keep. Something must be done about this."

I solved the problem by putting the Christmas-tree holder in the front yard, running the garden hose to it, and sticking the nozzle up through the hole where the Christmas tree is placed in the merry Yuletide, thus making it a fountain. I was thus able to use the Christmas-tree holder three hundred and sixty-five days a year (three hundred and sixty-six days in leap years) and have nice green grass in the summer and a skating rink in winter. It only takes a little brains to solve these seemingly difficult problems.

THE voting-machine problem is rather more difficult because a voting machine does not make a very good fountain. For a while I did consider the possibility of putting spigots in the voting machines and using them for drinking fountains, with a tin cup chained to each spigot, but I gave up that idea because a plumber would have to be used for the plumbing, and the chances were that when the time came to unplumb the voting machines the plumber might be on another job and not get the voting machines unplumbed,

DO YOU SMOKE ••WHEN YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO?

DECIDE•••
WITH "HAPPY-MOUTH" THROUGH COOLER SMOKE!

When life comes to a point where you're not sure of your next move... do you puzzle it out with more cigarettes? That's when you should have the aid of Spud's cooler smoke! Spud's clean, cooler smoke keeps you always mouth-happy... your tongue and throat in their natural moist-cool comfort. Thus, no matter how long the smoking session, your senses are ever alive to Spud's choice tobacco blend and flavor. Try smoking straight through a Spud pack! You'll discover for yourself this great inimitable freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment. At better stands, 20 for 20c. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.

MENTHOL-COOLED **SPUD** CIGARETTES

JUDGE SPUD . . . Not by first puff, but by first pack. Surprise soon forgotten... continued coolness heightens enjoyment of full tobacco flavor.

That natural finish
and how to get it

WITH THIS NEW BEIGE POWDER FROM PRIMROSE HOUSE

If you want more color in your skin, use rouge to get it, but never look for it in your powder box. Light shades leave the skin spotty. Extra dark powders make the face hard and old. Primrose Beige powder is exactly right. So fine in texture it actually becomes a part of the skin, giving that natural finish to the complexion that every woman wants. It will not cake or clog the pores and the way it clings is a perpetual delight. A luxury of course, but you'll see how important if you'll just try a dollar's worth of this $3 powder.

At all better class drug and department stores, in boxes, $1 and $3. Primrose House Salon, 595 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Primrose House

"HERE DWELLS YOUTH"

and the voters would look silly just turning the spigots on and off.

The plan I finally decided was the best was to use the voting machines as voting machines on Election Day, and then rent them to hotels and restaurants for the other days of the year. The hotel—or restaurant—would place the voting machine at the checker's window, where the food is passed out to the waiter, and the voting machines would be used to check the food as it was passed to the waiter. The tablet that said "For Governor, Franklin D. Roosevelt," would be removed and in its place would be put a tablet that said "Consommé." Thus over each little handle you push down when voting would be placed the name of one item of the menu. Instead of "For District Attorney, Harley J. Hooper" —or whatever his name might be— would be placed "Filet of Sole Mercier," and where "For Alderman, Herman S. Schmidt" would be, "Corned Beef and Cabbage."

Every time a corned-beef-and-cabbage order was passed out to the waiter, the checker would press down the proper handle, and at the end of the day he would merely look at the recorded total and find it said "138 Corned Beef and Cabbage" and "56 Filet of Sole Mercier" and "247 Vegetable Soup" and so on, and this would save him a lot of time.

Some care would have to be taken, when the time came to take the voting machines back to the election precincts, to remove the little tablets and replace them with the candidates' names, because it would be annoying to the voters to discover that they had elected boiled ham and spinach President of the Board of Aldermen and to find that their next mayor was to be a French omelette. The same care would have to be taken to remove the names of the candidates when the machines went back to the hotels and restaurants, because some of the patrons might object to being served an alderman from the Ninth Ward on the half-shell when they had ordered oysters. Quite frankly, the average alderman on the half-shell is not as attractive as "Venus Rising from the Sea," and he would look silly dipped in tomato-cocktail sauce.

—Ellis Parker Butler

•

LIVES IN ROOM DESPITE 3 MILLIONS IN THE FAMILY—*Headline in the Sandusky (O.) Star-Journal.*

That's the whole trouble with money —you've got to live in a room.

ADVERTISING PAGES REMOVED

HORSE SHOWS AND HUNTS

Out Where Cows Are Cattle — Hubar and the Jersey Cup — Alligator

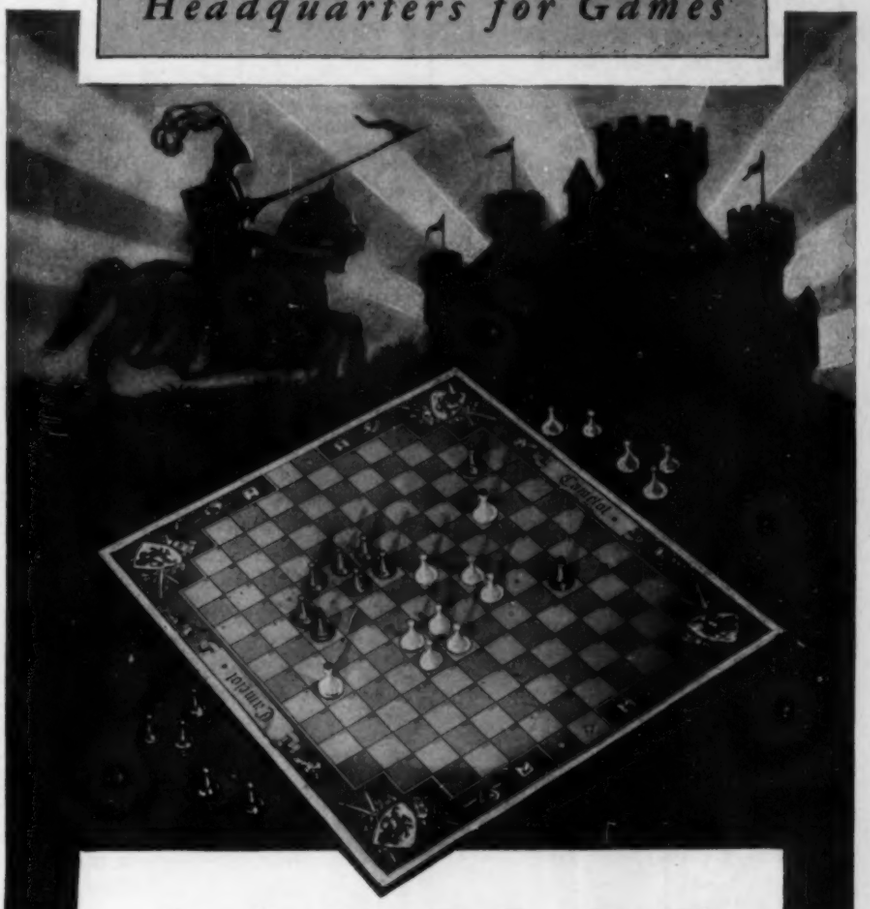
THE Rodeo at Madison Square Garden last week should have convinced anyone that there are more tenderfeet in the East than walk on two legs. Our horses break down in such numbers that post-and-rail racing is practically a thing of the past; our cows have to be contented, and require much care before they will arrive at that necessary frame of mind. And someone should write a new saga, about Western women, who really are what they seem. Velvet and spangles, silk blouses and hatless bobbed heads, powder and paint in frank and lavish quantities, don't keep them from riding right up with the men, or from taking their falls and coming back for more.

The show brought such an authentic atmosphere with it that the penny-arcade aura of all Garden performances was forgotten; the fake Indians, the hot-dog vendors, the clowns with their Forty-second Street humor, couldn't spoil it. The customers must be pleased, though, now as in Roman days, so there were concessions such as basketball on horseback—which is chiefly played among the horses' legs and hoofs, and which was simple and rough enough to delight the crowd—and what the program, with superbly naïve humor, called "two chuckles of Indoor Polo." There was also Ted Elder and his Roman Jumping Horses, which seemed a slight anachronism, as they jumped over automobiles. To the mind of anyone who has a wide acquaintance with horses, incidentally, jumping over automobiles is an inborn and not a developed trait.

THE most interesting part of the Rodeo is the intelligent coöperation shown by the calf-roping horses. They follow every twist of their quarry with deadly intent. They watch the rope carefully; and when it settles, they sit back and pull that calf head over heels. Then they slowly back so that the noose stays just so tight and no tighter. It seems these roping ponies are very valuable to their owners,

WANAMAKER'S

Headquarters for Games



CAMELOT

A Game for New Yorkers

Calling for action, adroitness, intelligence—Camelot, by George S. Parker . . . livelier and more interesting than checkers . . . easier and simpler than chess . . . a game for adepts and novices . . . a game that will hold your interest this season and dozens more seasons.

Two forces of knights and men confront each other in the center of the board . . . jump, canter, capture, smash with a Knight's Charge and clear the way.

No. 40—Popular Edition, $1.50
No. 50—Larger Edition, $2.00

Personal Service will fill mail and telephone orders for Camelot . . . and for almost any other game you are interested in—Pegity, Derby Day, Rook, Backgammon and many more . . . call GRAmercy 6200.

FIRST FLOOR, SOUTH BUILDING

JOHN WANAMAKER NEW YORK

WANAMAKER PLACE—NINTH STREET AT BROADWAY

Oh, so you're sorry the summer's gone, with its tennis flannels, its striped bathing suit, and yellowing panama! What of the Beautiful Lady you met at Bar Harbor, Northeast, or Southampton — is she gone, too? Or is her poor heart aching... aching... aching...? Come, Sir, we challenge you! Isn't she simply waiting for you to ask her... to ask her... to come and dance with you some evening soon to the captivating, toe-tickling strains of

GUY LOMBARDO
AND HIS
ROYAL CANADIANS

IN THE GRILL ROOM OF

The
ROOSEVELT
Madison Avenue at 45th Street

EDWARD CLINTON FOGG—*Managing Director*

P. S. As a matter of fact, now that you're so set on doing right by little Nell, why not hop to it right away and make it Tea Dancing on Saturday afternoon (from 4 to 6) in the Grill to the same famous orchestra!

for with a good one you can win about ten thousand dollars in prize money each year.

First of all you have to find a "natural," a pony with intelligence, quickness, bravery, strength. Then it takes four years of training and practice, and after that you have something so precious you actually sleep in the stall with it. One man had three good ones, and never left their side. At night he threw a blanket on the straw beside them; during performances he did miracles with their aid; when on the road, the four travelled in an open Ford truck, with a tarpaulin cover in case it got too stormy.

THE contrast between the stables for the Rodeo last week, and those for the National Horse Show this week, certainly shows up the effete East. This week we have rows of well-built boxes, gorgeous tack-rooms, glittering harness, bow-legged grooms, hand-made blankets, initialled buckets. Last week, the whole place was a morass of none-too-clean straw marked off by picket-lines, densely populated by an indiscriminate mass of horses, calves, steers, bronchos, donkeys, a pig, a Shetland pony, and a couple of goats. No animal there had ever felt the touch of a blanket; all were eating grain for the first time; all had hit the ground hard and often. Throughout there was the ornery smell of Texas longhorns, of old saddles, of rubber matting, of tanbark. The horses are tied up by the head in close-packed rows, while the cattle are simply herded, none too gently, into a great common pen. If a commotion starts, and some get kicked, gored, bitten, or trampled, there are always more, and the victims will know better next time. It's a tough, hard

WHITEHALL

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Palm Beach

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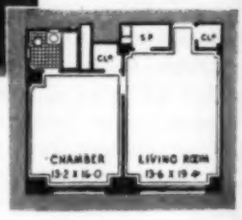
New York Office
THE BERKSHIRE
21 East 52nd Street
MARTIN SWEENY
Manager
Plaza 5800

This sun-lit 2 room suite



Facing the park

$225 monthly

INCLUDES maid and linen service ... electric light ... mechanical refrigeration. Also use of spacious roof-deck solarium and privilege of access to New York's oldest private park. Smaller and larger units available ... furnished and unfurnished ... excellent cuisine on premises.

A residential hotel in a distinguished neighborhood of quiet charm.

Leasing for Immediate Occupancy

HOTEL GRAMERCY PARK
52 Gramercy Park North, N. Y.
George H. Bradley, Manager
Telephone: GRAmercy 4340

racket, entirely devoid of conscious or premeditated cruelty; perhaps it is a happier life than the pampered, unnatural one of a show horse.

THE Jersey Cup, last of the coveted big timber races of the year, left a pleasant memory with all who saw it, for it was a stirring, close run and a great struggle. The only horse whose chances were held poor by the bookies was Howard Bruce's Hubar, whose sire, like the immortal Billy Barton's, is Huon. Temple II, Ready Wit, Alligator, and Captain Kettle all had a good following, and no one thought anything of Hubar's burst of speed for the first mile. Then Temple II hit the in-and-out very hard and bounced Lexie Wilson off; he must have cursed fluently and freely, for that horse was going well and looked like the strongest possible contender. Ready Wit and Alligator then took the lead, jumping and running like stags, to be joined with a rush by Captain Kettle. As the end drew near, however, the despised Hubar came on again, and just got up in a terrific stretch drive to beat Alligator by a neck. There was scarcely a second's difference in the time of the five horses; which is remarkable, when one thinks how four miles at that clip usually spaces them.

Hubar must be a great horse to win such a race in such company. It would be a dream come true, not only for Mr. Bruce but for everyone who loves a good horse, if he were to prove to be a second Billy Barton. The world has need of such. We have all come to think of Alligator as the top of the heap, but though he is game and consistent, somehow he hasn't the stamp of greatness on him. —TOUCH AND GO

•

SONG FOR TWO

Come, my love, and let us see
How brief is love, and let us mark
How the bright moon, so recently
Full-blown, has vanished into dark.

And we shall say, "So love has gone,"
And we shall cry, "So fades the great
Beauty we broke our hearts upon. . . .
The world is hushed, the hour is
late. . . ."

And having long farewells to speak,
We shall no doubt contrive to fling
Caution to wind, set cheek to cheek,
And thoroughly revive the thing!

—FRANCES M. FROST

Mrs Franklin inc.

To those who appreciate the correctness and distinction of Franklin clothes for Town and Country our new collection of Steamer Coats is a welcome cry... Illustrated is a model in English tweed with important collar and cuffs of grey wolf...

NEW YORK - 16 East 53rd St. • PHILADELPHIA - 260 South 17th St.
CHICAGO - 132 East Delaware Place • PALM BEACH

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FOIBLES

HAVING your own workroom upstairs is a great advantage in maintaining the high standards of a shop whose prices are not too terrifying. The Tailored Woman, by astute management, succeeds in giving its customers tailored things with excellent workmanship and fabrics, and also manages to keep the prices low.

Among the swell coats that this reporter saw there, two—all in black, for young people—stood out. Both are of black wool with Persian lamb—a difficult combination to make youthful. One has a short cape and a roll collar of the fur; one has fur around the sleeves above the elbows, and little bows of the wool dangling from the arms, as well as from the back of the massive fur collar. By Chanel. Another coat, for sports this time, is of a hand-nubbed orange-and-blue rough tweed with a high gray krimmer collar flaring slightly in points at each side of the face. By Paquin, in a Russian frame of mind. Look, too, at a country coat of a mixed greenish tweed, with a huge scarf of a Rodier gray-and-green stuff hanging from the shoulders and edged with a sort of raccoonish fur. You can wear this dangling (which I don't like much) or tied around the neck in one of those carefully casual effects.

There is a grand inky-blue tweed suit here, tied at the waistline and having a blouse of the same coloring underneath. A gray krimmer collar gives contrast. And those of you who wear tweeds on Sunday nights but like to dress a bit for the theatre, whether your escort does or not, should look at a dress having a black velvet skirt and a short-sleeved gold lamé blouse, with a huge gathered flounce poufing around the hips and descending a bit in back.

Large women should not forget, either, that this shop is doing right by them in having, between the hours of eleven and four, a matron's mannequin who will give them a truthful idea of how clothes for people beyond the flapper age and weight should be worn.

A SHOP with a sort of gay turn of mind is difficult to find these days, particularly when the solemn subject of millinery is concerned. Such a one, however, is Yvonne Ganne, at 10 East Fifty-third Street. There are all sorts of French models here, lots and lots of them peculiarly adapted to suit the older woman as well as the pert and young. You know—two-toned draped turbans of velvet or satin; gracious, brimmed hats, and so on. There is one by Descat, of black soleil, with the crown gathered on a cord high around the head. The brim is widish and ripples just a little. In a brimless age, this hat, as well as several other crisp felt things for the tailleur, stand out.

The most fun, however, is some hats direct from Agnès, for twenty-five dollars. They are those crocheted tubes with fancy crocheted patterns on the top, and you pull them on like tobogган caps. The extra six inches or so, which would ordinarily come down and cover your chin, are to be rolled back and fastened with your pet pin to suit your whim of the moment. These, as well as some others with little brims to be turned back, come in all possible colors for sports. A formal version of this crush-it-yourself idea, from Reboux this time, has a black grosgrain ornament coming down on the forehead in a modest V, and the black velvet towering in a tube above is to be pulled down and crushed on the back of the neck. Hats here around thirty-five to forty-five dollars—made on the head, of course.

They have all sorts of casual handbags, scarves, and such here too. There are some batiste handkerchiefs, larger than man's size, in grand sports colors, as a relief from the standard chiffons and linens. And there are three marvellous perfumes: a lilac that smells exactly like your ancestral garden, and two pungent, sophisticated odors—not too heavy, just heavy enough. My idea of a shop worth visiting.

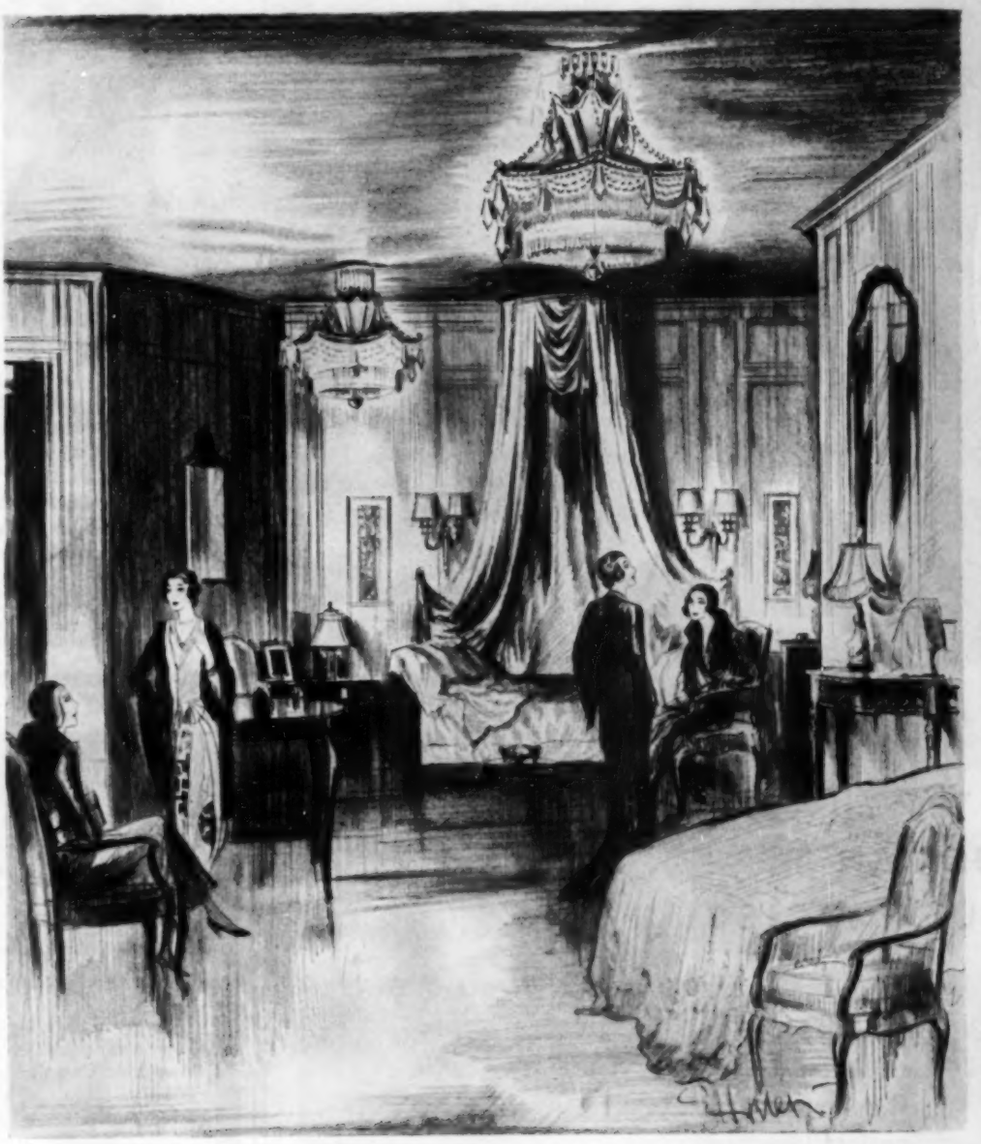
MANY women hardly know it is winter at all until their skins suddenly put on a dry and rough appear-

"Will one be all, sir?"

An Impression

of Romance en Negligée

AT BERGDORF GOODMAN . . . ON THE PLAZA



This is a tea-gown season! The negligée and lingerie room foams with French things . . . tea gowns, pajamas, to give one the air of fairy princess or daring young witch . . . French lingerie, mere wisps of beauty embroidered on nothing! . . . exquisite trousseau night gowns . . . bed jackets . . . light, warm travelling robes. Perfect as gifts for a friend, or one's appreciative self!

BERGDORF GOODMAN

NEW YORK

A GAY PYJAMA OF RUSSIAN TYPE BY BRUCK-WEISS

The cossak tunic and flared trousers are in contrasting tones of chiffon velvet...yards and yards of it! A costume to make any hostess look "interesting" and picturesque when receiving informally, and a luscious thing in which to curl up alone with a book. Tunic in white, turquoise or Chinese red, with black trousers.

39.50

BRUCK-WEISS

20 West 57th Street, New York

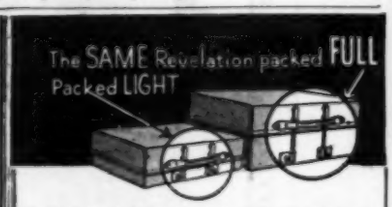
ance and their best women friends begin to remark behind their fans that Sally is certainly fading. Margaret Brainard, 654 Madison Avenue, is the person to consult at this point. During a preliminary treatment or two, she will outline your home program—your own, exclusive, ten-minutes-a-day. For this she has perfected the Cosré lamp, which, in a few minutes, gives your face a gentle, stimulating warmth like that of the sun and makes your skin thoroughly absorb a special cream for nourishing the tissues. Miss Brainard's preparations are to be found at department stores all over the city, but you are missing a treat if you fail to visit her skyscraper salon for face treatment and massage. Reclining on a rosy chaise-longue, you progress from massages of the neck and back, through the creams and herbal lotions, to the final glass of cold water that snaps you back to reality after an hour and a half of sweet relaxation. The only thing lacking is soft music.

A FOOLPROOF snapshot camera, for timid travellers, has always been the ideal of many, but, as far as I know, the Readyset Traveler is the first to fill the no-gadget bill. In the first place, it is a pretty thing, in a nice canvas covering that has gay stripes like your best luggage. In the second place, you open the camera, look through the finder, and snap the picture without measuring off ten paces or fiddling with various timings or anything—except on very gray days, and there is one little lever that says "Time" on it for this purpose. The results are phenomenal; the pictures are two and

KASKEL & KASKEL DUNLAP

He who steps forth in a perfectly fitting custom-made Dress Shirt, built by Kaskel & Kaskel Dunlap, is a smart lad! Note how our debutante is planning to drape herself—later—on his manly bosom.

NEW YORK: Madison Ave. at 57th
Fifth Avenue at 46th
CHICAGO: 700 N. Michigan Ave.
304 S. Michigan Ave.



REVELATION

ADJUSTS TO 14 DIFFERENT DEPTHS

In every leather, in every size, in every price you can get a genuine Revelation Case at Dale. This English Russet Cowhide 26" Revelation with Sesamee Locks, only $35

The "DALEKIT"
A collapsible toilet kit for men and women, in pigskin and colored genuine Moroccan leathers, oil silk lined. Measures 9" x 6" x 3" $10

Full line of
FINE LUGGAGE, TRUNKS, HANDBAGS AND IMPORTED LEATHER GOODS

DALE
MODERN LUGGAGE
WITH THE KEYLESS LOCK
SESAMEE

369 Madison Ave., (nr. 46th St.)
NEW YORK

a quarter by three and a quarter inches; the price is $13 at all kinds of sporting-goods stores.

THE dinner pajamas of the week: The Colony Lingerie Shop is showing some that are too divine—all black-lace ruffles three or four inches wide, going down the wide pants and crisscrossing the deep décolletage in back. Utterly frivolous, very feminine, and $145 made to your measure. —L. L.

MORE NEWS FROM SANTA CLAUS

LAST week we broke to you, as gently as possible, the news that Christmas is imminent, and we urged you from the bottom of our respective hearts to start thinking about monogrammed handkerchiefs for Cousin Sue and a made-to-order suitcase for Uncle Ted. We remind you (as we probably shall again and again) that we have only two eyes and two ears apiece and we cannot be dashing around town finding new gift ideas for you while we are answering telephone questions about wisdom we have already imparted. The moral of this little story being: Save your back numbers of these lists for future reference, or forever after hold your peace.

Last time we told all we knew (Heaven help us!) about:

Christmas cards.
Monograms.
Luggage.

This week the spirit moves us to discourse on more things that must be planned for in advance, such as:

Photographers, below.
Art and such, page 76.
Frames and framers, page 78.
Lingerie and boudoir froufrous, page 79.
Miscellaneous orders, page 82.

PHOTOGRAPHERS

FOR me to sit down and earnestly tell you that a photograph is the most personal of gifts would be insulting your intelligence, besides making an old fool of myself. You know perfectly well that nothing solves the older-relative problem quite as well. And nothing is so acceptable to friends who like you well enough to have the photograph framed and hung, instead of chucking it into the bottom drawer.

New York is so full of really good

"..late again!

why, oh *why*, don't we get a Hamilton-Sangamo?"

That old "our clock was wrong" wheeze, however truthful, sounds a bit moth-eaten nowadays. There's really no *need* for it when you can get an uncannily accurate electric clock... a Hamilton-Sangamo electric clock... at the very price you want to pay.

We make three kinds of exquisite electric clocks. Electrically wound clocks for AC or DC power. And the new, utterly NEW, synchronous* electric clocks.

One thing about them, aside from their reasonable price and extreme good looks, is that you don't have to wind them . . . *ever!* You simply plug a tiny cord into a handy light socket and away they go on a lifetime journey of serenely accurate time-telling.

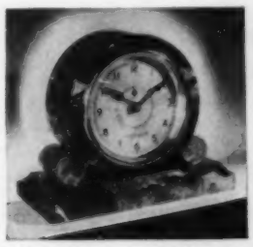
Step into your favorite shop and view them today.

Let us also send you our illustrated booklet, "Telling Time," which gives descriptions of all our electric clocks. Address, Hamilton-Sangamo Corporation, 103 Race Ave., Lancaster, Pa.

P. S. Hamilton-Sangamo really costs no more than four good theatre tickets. Why not get one so that the next time you buy four good theatre tickets you'll get there on time to enjoy all *the show?*

Listen!—Every Thursday evening at 8:45 (E.S.T.) The Hamilton Watchman broadcasts an airy tidbit over WABC and 19 other stations of the Columbia chain.

DECOR. Electrically wound. Black enamel and silver. 8⅛" high; 6¾" wide; 4" deep. (AC) $35 (DC) $40



STANWICK. Synchronous type. Genuine imported Italian marble. Height, 5⅞"; width, 7"; depth, 3½". Floating seconds disc. $30

STOCKWELL. Synchronous type. Mahogany with contrasting panels. Height, 9"; width, 19¾"; depth, 5½". Floating seconds disc. $25

SANFORD. Synchronous type. Burled French walnut. Small mantel model. Height, 7"; width, 6"; depth, 2¾". Floating seconds disc. $15

HAMILTON SANGAMO

Electric Clocks for every kind of current ..... for every purse

*Regulated by the impulses of the electric current

NEW YORK SALES REPRESENTATIVE: S. A. WEISS CO., INC., 205 EAST 42d STREET, N. Y. C.

The Clothing of Gentlemen is Found . . . . at De Pinna

Topcoats to Match the Foremost Shades in Men's Fall Suits

De Pinna has cut for immediate wear a number of topcoats to match the foremost shades in Men's Fall Suits . . . the blues . . . the greys . . . the browns.

The complete correctness of these garments is in every way evident . . . they are particularly pleasing in their quiet contrast and the excellent feeling of good taste which they convey . . . cut in close accord with the best in British custom clothing.

De Pinna topcoats, hand-tailored, of imported coverts, shetlands, tweeds and cheviots . . . from $70.

DE PINNA

Complete Outfitters to Gentlemen

FIFTH AVENUE AT 52nd STREET

photographers, some famous and many more unknown, that you could spend a lifetime going to one after another. You probably have your own favorite, anyway, who makes you look as alluring as you feel. If, however, you are either dissatisfied or at a loss, we list a few we know about who not only do good likenesses, but make photographs that are good in themselves. None of them ever paints eyelashes on you, or gives you a Cupid's-bow mouth, or washes so much of the modelling from your face that all character is lost. Photographers who like these tricks may flatter you, but they ain't Artists. The few listed below manage to bring out the best in your face without losing the essential You. Or am I too sentimental?

FOR YOURSELF

COUNT DE MIRO, at Goold Studios, 122 Fifth Avenue: A Spanish nobleman, the latest photography sensation, and a genius at making men look dramatic and women feminine in the baron-demeyer manner.

ARNOLD GENTHE, 41 East Forty-ninth Street: For those dreamy, soft-focus, mysterious photographs that bring out the Garbo in you.

LAVIOSA, 117 West Fifty-seventh Street: Photography with almost an oil-portrait look.

EDWARD THAYER MONROE, 554 Fifth Avenue: If anyone can make you look like a "Follies" beauty without too much faking, he can.

NICKOLAS MURAY, 18 East Forty-eighth Street: Doing new and revolutionary things in color photography. His minimum price is $500 a print. Also doing swell things with a tiny trick black-and-white camera that catches every fleeting expression and

gives the pictures a natural, snapshot quality.

ARNOLD SCHRÖDER, 603 Fifth Avenue: Three-dimensional photographs on a shimmering gun-metal ground; look like photographs of portraits. Entirely distinctive process.

CHARLES SHEELER, 310 East Forty-fourth Street: A master of dramatic light and shadow with a great talent for making men and women look interesting though natural.

VANDAMM STUDIOS, 152 West Fifty-seventh Street: Simple, natural photographs by people who like to become acquainted before they start shooting.

FOOTNOTE FOR MALES: Pirie MacDonald, 576 Fifth Avenue, and Lumiere, 574 Fifth Avenue, are adept at making the most timid souls look like big executives and strong characters. Blank & Stoller, 227 East Forty-fifth Street, like to photograph men in their own offices, signing that important million-dollar contract.

FOR REPRODUCTIONS

AT restoring daguerreotypes of your ancestors and making Great-Great-Uncle Harry recognizable in his Civil War uniform, Alman, 590 Fifth Avenue, and Hollinger & Company, 607 Fifth Avenue, are experts. Chidnoff, 469 Fifth Avenue, will do crayon portraits that look freehand, from the flattering photographs he takes of you.

FOR YOUR CHILDREN

TO get natural and unaffected pictures of small children, without a posed, dressed-up look, requires not only camera technique but a vast patience (ah, there!) and a winning way. The following are particularly successful in making grandmothers completely happy at Christmas-time:

THE MISSES SELBY, 54 East Fifty-seventh Street: Besides taking utterly charming photographs of small children and girls in the awkward ages, either in their own homes or at the studio, they are adept in the tricky art of painting photographs in natural colors.

WALTER SCOTT SHINN, 554 Fifth Avenue: Really a master in this field. Children cry "Daddy!" and climb on his lap at the first glimpse of him. Results: swell.

VANDAMM STUDIOS, 152 West Fifty-seventh Street, and Dudley Hoyt, 441 Madison Avenue, are expert at catching characteristic likenesses of rebellious boys which do not look so

femininity in the active mood

The prestige of Peck & Peck clothes is inevitable. For they are skilled in the art of being as appropriate as they are good looking. Swagger coats for motoring, for the Stadium . . . delightful suits and dresses . . . hats and accessories that do so much for a costume . . . all these Peck & Peck creates with originality of line and detail and the appeal of incomparable tailoring.

Belted Cossack jacket of camel's hair cloth, $55. The skirt of imported camel's hair, $35. Tyrolean sports hat, $12. Camel's hair sports coat, $95.

PECK & PECK

FIFTH AVENUE AT 55th STREET
FIFTH AVENUE AT 42nd STREET
FIFTH AVENUE AT 47th STREET
MADISON AVE. AT 69th STREET

KASKEL & KASKEL DUNLAP

frocks of gleaming metallics to match the importance of "blue ribbon" nights.

NEW YORK: Madison Avenue at 57th St.
Fifth Avenue at 46th Street
CHICAGO: 700 North Michigan Avenue

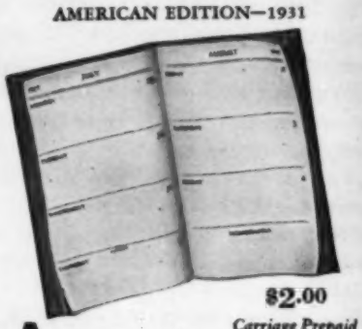
slicked-up as to be false to the Penrod in them.

ART AND SUCH

IT has been our annual habit in attacking this question to avoid the presumption of advising people who will give priceless Old Masters, and nothing less, to their dear ones. We are willing to be responsible for having directed you to nice reliable galleries where good etchings, lithographs, woodcuts, and the like, may be bought without quivers of apprehension about their true worth. We are even willing to go on record as having said (repeatedly) that the department-store art departments can be made to yield numberless small and often inexpensive treasures to discriminating customers who know something about the subject and can spot an intelligent sales-clerk; but further than this we cannot go.

IT is probably not necessary at all to warn you that the ultimate receiver's taste should be carefully considered before pictures of any sort are bought as gifts. A good etching, of course, is almost invariably safe; but even here you have a wide choice of subject. Studies of New York streets and skyscrapers, always fascinating to lovers of this city, can be picked up at any gallery in town. Dog etchings are grand gifts for dog-lovers; Harlow, McDonald, 667 Fifth Avenue, are bringing out a new series by Margaret Kirmse, who is always important—these to be ready in plenty of time for Christmas buying. Robertson & Deschamps, 415 Madison Avenue, have a large group of Morgan Dennis dogs, quite inexpensive; they have a habit here of framing a certain number of popular subjects for the Christmas trade, a sound notion which enables busy people to pick up good small gifts in very short order. Lovers of the great outdoors usually like Levon West's boating, hunting, and fishing etchings; Kennedy, 785 Fifth Avenue, generally has a large selection of these. Kennedy is also to be relied upon to produce duck-hunting things, for which some people have an insatiable appetite. And

Smythson's
WAFER DIARY
AMERICAN EDITION—1931



$2.00
Carriage Prepaid

A POPULAR and unique 12 months' diary in most compact form—4¼ inches long, 2¾ inches wide, and, owing to the peculiar thinness of the special paper, less than ¼ inch thick. Fits the waistcoat pocket perfectly. This extraordinary fine little book is being reordered by the thousands every year by the many who have already found it indispensable.

Printed on blue paper with gilt edges, bound in limp roan, very durable. Though the paper is unbelievably thin it is not transparent and takes writing with pen or pencil equally well. As the 1931 edition is limited, order at once by cheque or money order.

Initials stamped in gold, 15 cents each. Name in full stamped in gold, 7 cents a letter.

MM IMPORTING CO.
543 Madison Avenue : New York City

Hotel Astor
TIMES SQUARE NEW YORK CITY

When anyone mentions "BANQUETS" I always think of the ASTOR!

Playing host is pleasant when the details can be delegated. So I leave it all to the Astor—and receive my reward in a sumptuous dinner, superbly served—and the smiling compliments of my guests! Banquets? Why, every meal at the Astor is a banquet—whether it's served to two or twenty or three thousand!

FRED A. MUSCHENHEIM

so it goes. The possibilities are endless.

Furthermore: The Downtown Gallery, beloved of our art critic, plans to open its annual American Print Makers' sales exhibit, which is always well worth waiting for, on December 8. It is at 113 West Thirteenth Street. . . . Gifts for Kuniyoshi-lithograph fans can always be found at Charles Daniel, 600 Madison Avenue. . . . The Marie Harriman Gallery, recently opened with much swank at 61-63 East Fifty-seventh Street, will have a Christmas-season show featuring Edouard Goerg, the French modernist. . . . The Weyhe Gallery, 794 Lexington Avenue, which is always doing something new and interesting, is bringing out a whole reprint series of those marvellous photographic studies by Atget, to be $10 each; perfect gifts for those interested in the modern school of photography. . . . At Theodore Goldberg, 233 Fifth Avenue, there is a series of twelve Chinese *Miniaturen* at $2.50 each, unframed, which ought to be amusing for modern rooms, some of the fifteenth-century interiors shown having a very 1930 *art-moderne* look to them. . . . Most of the galleries have small bronzes and pottery figurines, in case your interests take this form (notably: E. & A. Milch, 108 West Fifty-seventh Street; the Montross Gallery, 785 Fifth Avenue; the Potters' Shop, 755 Madison Avenue—this last exclusively pottery by American potters). . . . For rooms in the various French periods, and eighteenth-century interiors in general, A. L. Diament, 101 Park Avenue, has as representative a collection of color prints as we have seen. It includes "Cries of Paris" and "Cries of London," complete; Napoleonic prints; many others. The "Cries" groups look best framed without glass and antiqued; Diament does this very nicely, but it takes a couple of weeks. . . . Macy's art department on the sixth floor has occasional small canvases by beginners of promise.

THIS (we hope) gives you a working idea of what can be done with Art in the way of gifts. It might be well for those who feel the need of

FURS and SPORT . . . Among the more thrilling adventures of the pre-football season is big-game hunting in Jaeckel's sport fur shop . . . for here you find new and amazing furs rarely met with in this effete age . . . made into clever dashing coats that you will find nowhere else . . . and since the sport shop is rather proud of its practical and democratic ideas the prices are amazingly low for coats of Jaeckel fashioning.

H. JAECKEL & SONS
FIFTH AVENUE at 45th STREET

PRECISION

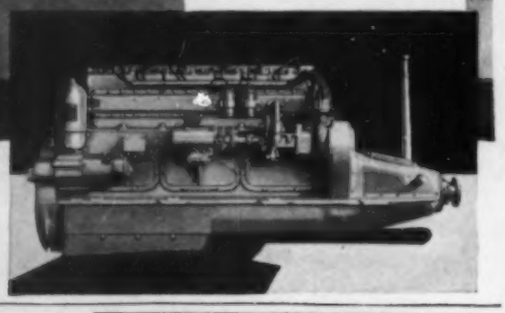
Sterling

Precision in Sterling engines is attained, not by the speediest production methods, which this company has always maintained cannot produce full load engines of reliability, but by machining to closest tolerances, and then accurately fitting by hand. Main bearings, for instance, are line reamed by machine; then "blued" in by the original hand process. Pistons are slowly machined that the ring grooves shall be concentric and devoid of any inaccuracies. Cylinders are honed, one at a time, to micrometer exactness.

Building Sterling Petrel engines to their present leading status has required 4 years. They graduate into 1931 without a single mechanical change; unmatchable

in developing 200 H. P. at 2000 R. P. M.,
in power at a safe engine speed,
in turning the larger propeller,
in possessing the only 7 bearing crankshaft that is fully counter-weighted and in true dynamic balance
and in being
safely and economically carbureted.

STERLING ENGINE COMPANY
1270 Niagara Street
Buffalo, New York, U. S. A.

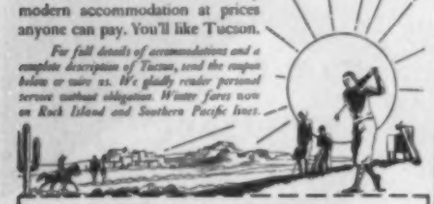


PLAY
TENNIS . . . GOLF
in warm mid-winter sunshine

Don't give up sports this winter—come to Tucson! Play through sunny days 'neath blue skies. Golf every day if you wish . . . on green grass courses. Enjoy tennis or polo. Ride, hike, or drive through a country of much charm and romance. *Come*—all outdoors awaits you here.

And in town we have every modern accommodation at prices anyone can pay. You'll like Tucson.

For full details of accommodations and a complete description of Tucson, send the coupon below or write us. We gladly render personal service without obligation. Winter fares now on Rock Island and Southern Pacific lines.



TUCSON
Sunshine-Climate Club
ARIZONA
1028-E Old Pueblo Bldg., Tucson, Arizona
Please send me the free "Sunshine Booklet"
Name _____
Address _____

ALWAYS a favorite with fashionable women (and their consorts!) . . . No. 4711 White Rose Glycerine Soap. Its cooling lather protects as it cleanses . . . and soothes as it protects. Delicately fragrant; delightfully mild.

No 4711 *White Rose Glycerine Soap*

Made in U. S. A. by
MULHENS & KROPFF, Inc., 25 W. 45th St., N. Y.

further guidance to watch "The Art Galleries" in this publication between now and Christmas for more detailed news.

FRAMES AND FRAMERS

OF course you may be one who considers the gift of a photograph sufficient in itself, and who are we to try to be an influence? On the other hand, you may consider a suitable frame the one final touch which makes perfection. In this event, we beg you to avoid embroideries, general fussiness, and all frames using large surfaces of mirrored glass; we urge simplicity upon you, and we list in this cause a few good framers about town who will not be insistent about gold filigree and beaded velvet.

THE FIRM OF BEED, INC., 17 West Eighth Street: All frames here are handmade, tooled, and antiqued; violent moderns not invited. Your own heirloom brocades made up as frames on five-day notice.

BRAXTON FRAME COMPANY, 341 West Thirty-eighth Street: A good place for those heavy, fluted frames in silvered wood beloved of the moderns. Special orders, ten days; orders from stock, less.

M. GOLDBERG, 310 West Forty-second Street: The brocade-and-velvet type of thing, made to your order in three or four days. Will also work out modern frames.

A. MILLER, 401 Madison Avenue: Always to be depended upon for suggestions when inspiration fails. They have simple, narrow frames in leather for that Pirie MacDonald photograph of virile manhood, are good at hand-carved Gothic things, and use mats of black glass for pictures with light backgrounds—a nice touch.

GEORGE F. OF, INC., 126 West Fifty-seventh Street: A conservative old standby for frames of all types. Will use your own materials for brocade frames, or make up frames from stock. Excellent workmanship.

THE OLD ARTS SHOP, 753 Madison Avenue: Frames made of rare old fabrics—priests' robes, altar cloths, and all the usuals, unusually done.

ROBERTSON & DESCHAMPS, 415 Madison Avenue: These people refuse

flatly to have anything to do with elaborate frames of any nature, but will go as far as modern effects in gold or silver leaf. They favor brocades, to a degree, and require a week for orders.

SOME extra notes for those pressed for time and not at all pressed for funds: Places like Yamanaka, the Oriental art dealer at 680 Fifth Avenue, usually have on hand exquisitely wrought and very expensive frames in jade and other semiprecious wares, ready to wrap up and carry home. The big important jewellers like to do frames in silver and can be depended upon for good stock models. Bergdorf-Goodman's antiques department has made up a number of nicely proportioned frames using old French brocades of the eighteenth century. These cost $50 each, and come in regulation sizes.

And have you heard about the department stores? —B. B.

LINGERIE AND BOUDOIR FROUFROUS

LINGERIE, every woman's weakness, is another little item that can be either the most desirable and intimate of gifts or the most disappointing. A dizzy flapper may go in for boyish, simple little things; the perfect lady may have heard so much about sex appeal that she expresses hers secretly with pale green chiffons and masses of lace. To be on the safe side, avoid extreme colors in favor of flesh, peach, pale yellows, and white; avoid sheer chiffons in favor of crêpes, crêpe satins, triple voile, and ninon. Lace does not have to be real if the imitation is good (they talk about "Alençon" all the time—do you know what the real thing costs?) but remember that very delicate lace may look lovely in the box but shreds away from the silk at the second washing. Never give lingerie with lace dyed pink; never go in for ribbons around the waist in the Broadway manner. The smartest lingerie now is molded slick to the figure, eliminating all bulk and, incidentally, saving laundry pleating bills. Even the best-bred people have given in and like lots of lace as well as the simplest of tailored stuff.

ALL of the women's specialty shops, such as Jay-Thorpe, Bruck-Weiss, Bergdorf, and so on, have lovely imported French lingerie of the elaborate and expensive type; big shops like Wanamaker, Best, etc., which

She **insures** her **looks!**

A woman who falls down on her Looks Insurance might as well climb on the shelf and give away the stepladder. She can't grow old gracefully any more. She either grows old—or she doesn't. Madame Nina offers her a smart red box with 5 preparations that put age in its place—out of sight. And the premium isn't any more than three pairs of gloves, or a speakeasy dinner with a headache.

GERANIUM CREAM · Eradicates lines . . . whitens . . . tones up general skin conditions . . . gets rid of blemishes. Works 24 hours . . . a night cream without greasiness . . . a day cream for make-up foundation. A jar lasts 6 months **3.50**

LOTIONS, *take your choice* · TONIC LOTION For Young Skins · Reduces enlarged pores . . . peps the complexion . . . a life saver for the tired face before a party . . . or . . . **ASTRINGENT LOTION For Older Skins** · Tightens flabby tissues, whether the condition results from years or late hours. Either lotion **3.00**

WHITE ROSE CREAM · A cleanser good enough to eat . . . pure vegetable oils delicately perfumed. What you rub off brings the dirt with it. What you leave on feeds the tissues . . . **3.50**

ROUGE · Transparent cream rouge as Paris decrees for cheeks and lips . . . saves the day with the new clothes that demand prettiness . . . gives you the night without looking haggard. A year's supply **3.00**

POUDRE · In 5 new shades, not chosen for the provinces, but built for Paris and New York . . . in a big six-months' box **2.50**

Cautious souls order these Nina Preparations separately. Plungers save time —and 50 cents—by taking the lot. The smart red box with the whole assortment—at 15.00—is a wonderful present for a Good Girl.

ORDER HERE

Your pet New York department store keeps Nina Preparations. Or you may, if you wish, order direct from Produits Nina, Inc., 580 Fifth Avenue, New York.

ASK HERE

If you want advice about complexion problems, page Miss Nina Nestor with a two-cent stamp at the same address. She knows everything about skins.

produits **nina**

SECOND PRIZE IN MARLBORO AMATEUR COPY CONTEST

MISS DOROTHY SHEPHERD of KINGSTON, PA. won 2nd Prize with this advertisement

Miss Shepherd, an ardent enthusiast of advertising, believes that more good ideas are needed in modern advertisements.

(For other prize winners watch magazines and newspapers.)

Yesterday:

Dirt roads, Welsbach burners, tin bathtubs, public drinking glasses, a bag of tobacco and rice papers.

Today:

Cement highways, electricity, shower-baths, individual cups, and Ivory Tipped Marlboros!

Dorothy Shepherd

....why take chances with cheap cigarettes! Enjoy Marlboro—Mild as May—full, firm and round—always.

MARLBORO

Plain or Ivory Tipped: No Difference in Price

YOU *are* INVITED *to* VIEW *the only* EVENING DRESS *of its kind in* AMERICA

not because of its lines—which are perfect . . . or its exquisite workmanship . . . but for its amazingly beautiful hand block printing in grains of gold, combined with incised velvet . . . Mrs. Armitage Whitman and Miss Julie Sturgis will be pleased to show this gown and other unusual pieces any day from ten to four-thirty.

Julie

THE FIRST FLOOR AT 1047 LEXINGTON AVENUE

$250 EUROPE

Price includes round trip ocean passage, transportation abroad, hotels, meals, sightseeing and tips. Itineraries to every country in Europe. Write for free booklet, E-264

THE TRAVEL GUILD, Inc.
150 North Michigan, Chicago
521 Fifth Avenue, New York

Pirates Cove Fishing Camp
PIRATES COVE

Opens December First

have all types ready to wear, will be dealt with when the shops are taken up in detail. In the meantime, most of the lingerie and boudoir-accessory places listed below stress made-to-order work (for molded lingerie should fit perfectly) but all have a large stock from which you may make a selection, and the recipient can return it for alterations or to have its equivalent made up to fit her exactly, as she chooses.

M. COLLART, 581 Madison Avenue: All lingerie imported; real Binche and Val lace in light colorings. Well made, very ladylike, and wear and launder beautifully. Pillows for the boudoir, of silk and real lace, some entirely of lace; $14.75-$125. Blanket covers, crêpe de Chine with satin designs in point turc; $75 for nice ones.

COLONY LINGERIE SHOP, 664 Madison Avenue: The delight of more chic young matrons than you could count. Elaborate imported lingerie; also imported or custom-made flowered ninon or chiffon lingerie on tailored lines; combinations around $18.50; gowns, $25 and up; you can't go wrong on patterns. Lounging or dinner pajamas, some almost indistinguishable from evening dresses, particularly good here. New warm woolly blankets and deep comfortables to match from Czechoslovakia, swell colors; $50-$125. Chaise-longue covers of bunny like ermine, with real ermine tails. Towelling robes, for beach or bathroom, short cape, all colors; $35. Fill orders like lightning—three or four days if necessary.

DAISY GARSON, 40 East Fifty-first Street: A woman whose taste is perfect, and whose workmanship compares favorably with the best French things. Teagowns and pajamas are always

lovely here, and those little pink secrets are perfectly done.

HAZEL KOLMAN, 509 Madison Avenue: Loves doing nightgowns with negligees to accompany them—flowered gowns with satin piping and satin negligees with flowered lining; or tailored gowns with negligees to match the piping and monogram. For trousseaux, does several gowns for each negligee. All silks here guaranteed not to fade. For warm but feminine dressing-gowns, wool lace between two layers of chiffon. For sick and querulous men, jackets like pajama jackets with roll collars, in flannel or striped silks. Everything designed and made on the premises—good taste, good workmanship, and unusually good color sense.

EMMA MALOOF, 485 Madison Avenue: Knockout dinner pajamas, notably: (1) black crêpe one-piece pajamas with twisted pink crêpe over bosom to match the pink jacket; $85; (2) one-piece pajama of blue georgette, backless and clasping around the neck, enormous pants of silver lame, and jacket of georgette; $195, but made all in crêpe for less. Lots of nightgowns, all molded to the figure; and Miss Maloof likes to have breakfast jackets made to accompany each of these. Simple satin mules, hand-embroidered name across the toe. Orders take ten days to three weeks, but large stock on hand.

MLLE. MARIE, 547 Madison Avenue: Uses exceptionally lovely handmade imported laces on lingerie. Individual teagowns a specialty.

PURPLE BOX, 11 East Fifty-fifth Street: Beautiful embroideries and marvellous monogramming done by hand at the Crippled Children's School. Not only charity for them but for you. Lingerie, negligees, boudoir pillows, towels, everything. Everything made to order.

THE SALON DE TROUSSEAUX, 25 West Fifty-seventh Street: Marvellous simple lingerie, self-appliqué being the decoration. Same type of work on sheets and table linen. Flowered lingerie, pastel colors, and tiny designs a specialty. Showy crêpe de Chine guest towels with point de Paris or Binche lace, a new trend.

VERA SANVILLE, 746 Madison Avenue: Very frivolous and feminine lingerie, most of it designed as well as made here—three weeks for orders. Nightgowns with Vionnet skirts on flowing lines like evening clothes. Empire nightgown of satin, crossed bands in short-waisted effect; $32.50. Backless lace evening slip, insert of pale

Youth . . petal smoothness

FOR YOUR SKIN

In two new cosmetic inspirations by Helena Rubinstein.

Your skin will simply luxuriate in the exquisite Water Lily Liquid Cleanser... Your pores will drink eagerly of Youthifying Stimulant, the beauty-awakening lotion.

WATER LILY LIQUID CLEANSER

Imagine a liquid cleanser as smooth and gleaming white as rich milk, with the teasing aroma of young water lilies, a cleanser which is on and off in a moment, leaving the skin immaculate and smooth as a petal. Such a beauty creation is Helena Rubinstein's new *Water Lily Liquid Cleanser.*

The wonder of this cleanser is that while it takes away every vestige of dust and old make-up, it gives back to the skin its precious moisture, its dewiness... Note the silken smoothness of your skin, see how much softer, lovelier your make-up is when you cleanse with Water Lily Liquid Cleanser. Let your skin know this new cosmetic marvel! . . Price 2.50

YOUTHIFYING STIMULANT

This is the champagne of beauty lotions! A circulation exhilarator with a magic for quickening sallow, sluggish skin to new youth and loveliness. In one minute it produces the same wonderful glow as hours of exercise! And yet it is as gentle-acting as it is possible for an efficient skin stimulant to be!

No matter how beautiful your skin —or how tired and dull it may be —Youthifying Stimulant holds new radiance and added beauty for you. Price 2.00... Indispensable to those who cannot easily avail themselves of professional beauty treatment.

VISIT THE BEAUTY CENTRE

For advice that is the essence of beauty wisdom, for treatments that reveal undiscovered charm, come to the Salons of Helena Rubinstein... Even one instruction treatment will reveal clever new ways to make your home beauty treatments doubly effective. It will give you fascinating make-up suggestions too!

A complete assortment of Helena Rubinstein's specialized beauty-builders and cosmetics is obtainable at the better shops. Qualified assistants will help you select the most resultful preparations for your home beauty care.

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LE MOMENT INCERTAIN

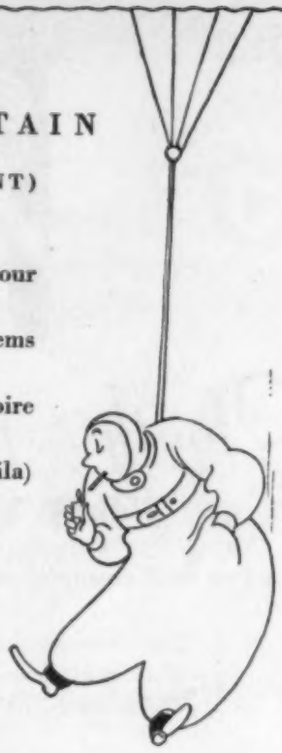
(THE UNCERTAIN MOMENT)

When you are not sure that your parachute is going to open and it seems quite possible that le jour de gloire est arrivé—Voilà! (pronounced voila)

be nonchalant . . .

L I G H T

A M U R A D



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pink where panties would ordinarily be, and chemise strap. Nice bed jackets and good teagowns—notably one of black velvet with short sleeves and surplice closing, grand for older women; $120.

—L. L.

MISCELLANEOUS ORDERS

ALMOST any shop will break down and confess, if quizzed, that there ought to be a law against placing any kind of special Christmas order after November. Most of them are obliging, of course, and will break their necks to get things through for you in time—but often it is physically impossible, and in any case you take the chance of having to accept a hurried and therefore less satisfactory job, which is no more fair to the shop than it is to you or the person who will ultimately receive the gift. We hope, therefore, that you are going to be thorough little ladies and gentlemen this year, and get your special ordering done while there is still time to be coherent about it. That gives you just about two weeks in which to consider the following possibilities:

BARS: The designers at Contempora, 16 West Forty-ninth Street, have been known to execute gorgeous, highly modernized bars and barrooms for the home. (Blueprints in time for Christmas.) . . . Aguilar Closets, 572 Park Avenue, turn spare closets into successful bars when space is at a premium.

BATH AND BOUDOIR LUXURIES: The Bath Shop, Park Avenue and Fifty-fourth Street, takes orders for hamper and wastebasket ensembles, bathmats and curtains, and anything for the bathroom to match anything. Also, boxes of bath soap adorned with pictures of pets, country estates, etc. . . . Carlin Comforts, 528 Madison Avenue, can show you more ways to be luxurious around the boudoir than you ever thought of. Silks and velvets are their specialties, in the form of pillows, comfortables, chaise throws, and the like. To order, if you want to match boudoirs or your favorite negligee.

BOXES: The Box Mart, 510 Madison Avenue, delights in orders for all sorts of boxes—desk catch-alls, closet storage cases—anything that can be made in cardboard. . . . The Old Arts Shop, 753 Madison Avenue, makes up boxes for any purpose (to say nothing of trays, picture frames, wastebaskets), using beautiful old fabrics out of their antique collection or yours. . . . The Chintz & Box Shop, 524 Madison Avenue, is good at unusual cigarette and

decorative boxes, storage sets, correspondence-file boxes for ladies' desks.

CLOSETS: Mrs. George Herzog, 780 Madison Avenue, is both practical and luxurious about closets. She designs and decorates them for use and beauty. . . . Hammacher Schlemmer, 145 East Fifty-seventh Street, have a large closet department where you can order the whole works or simple storage units. . . . Aguilar Closets, 572 Park Avenue, do closets as closets, as well as bars. . . . Philip Hall, 38 East Forty-ninth Street, has an expert touch with men's closets.

FIREPLACE ACCESSORIES: Edwin Jackson, Lexington Avenue and Sixty-fifth Street, takes orders for special equipment—fire screens carrying crests or figures symbolic of hobbies, screens to fit difficult fireplaces, and so on. He will also carry out mantel ideas.

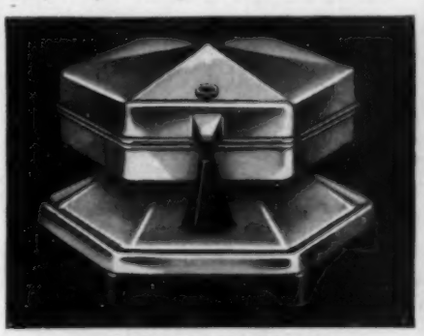
FURNITURE: The Herter Looms, 19 East Fifty-fifth Street, and 501 Madison Avenue, have a special paint treatment which gives unfinished furniture a mellow look of age. Their reproductions of old pieces are good, and not restricted to the Colonial and Provençal types. . . . Benjamin Ferber, 666 Lexington Avenue, has workrooms beneath his antique shop where he will reproduce anything you want in good wood and sound workmanship. . . . Hearthstone Furniture Company, 224 East Fifty-seventh Street, and Campbell Shops, 216 East Forty-first Street, continue to offer unfinished furniture of the Early American type. . . . Modernage, 541 East Seventeenth Street, does modern pieces to order after the German, the French, or any style you fancy. . . . Alice Starr, 143 East Fifty-sixth Street (upstairs), designs and executes modern nursery furniture, including upholstered pieces. . . . Curtis, 55 Fifth Avenue; The Three New Yorkers, 8 West Forty-seventh Street; the Mayhew Shop, 603 Madison Ave-

This is the Edicraft Sandwich Grill*

which made Rita famous for her impromptu table-cooked meals

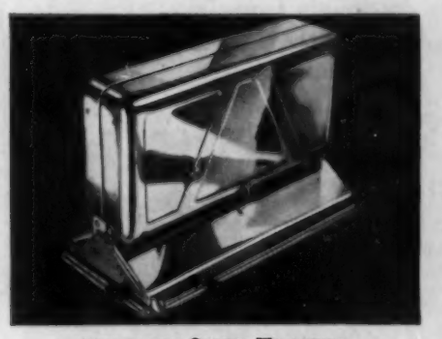
RITA can't have an *unexpected* guest! She's like the family boy-scout—"always prepared". Just the other Sunday four of us dropped in at her apartment. "We're hungry," Mary said. (Mary's always trying to outsmart Rita.)

"All right," Rita replied calmly enough—and brought out her Edicraft Sandwich Grill. Well, the Edicraft's really very swanky to look at—but we never dreamed it was so versatile. Rita used the grill to broil ham right at the table. Then she made combination ham and cheese sandwiches. The Edicraft toasted two sandwiches at a time—melting the cheese, and blending the ham, cheese, bread and butter flavors into such walloping good sandwiches that all we could think of to say was, "More."



*EDICRAFT WAFFLE BAKER

New addition to the Edicraft "Table Cookery" art. Bakes three perfect waffles in the smart new diamond shape.



EDICRAFT SPEED TOASTER

Senior member of the Edicraft trio. Toasts two sides of two slices at once—and opens automatically when the toast is done.

*Equipped with Edison Birka Heat Regulator—which keeps temperatures constant, appliances safe.

EDICRAFT

EDICRAFT PRODUCTS ARE DESIGNED AND BUILT IN THE LABORATORIES OF Thomas A. Edison— ORANGE, N. J.

Write for "Table Cookery"

Evening in Paris

True to its intriguing name, Evening in Paris perfume was inspired by the romantic spirit of Gay Paree. It is an enchanting odor such as only the rare artistry of BOURJOIS chemists could create. Its lovely fragrance lends charm to a complete series of uniquely packaged Evening in Paris toilet essentials.

Enjoy the EVENING IN PARIS HOUR —every Monday night 9:30 Eastern Time over coast-to-coast Columbia Network.

BOURJOIS

NEW YORK Rue de la Paix PARIS

nue; Olivette Falls, 563 Madison Avenue; and Camden Shop, Inc., 872 Madison Avenue, have some of the most intelligently selected small chairs, chaises, and love-seats in town. Their upholstery fabrics are excellent.

HANDBAGS: Miss Penn, 562 Madison Avenue, will help you incorporate all your whims about bags into one that will be smart and practical at the same time. You will like her suggestions about materials and monograms.

JEWELRY: All the big jewellers are equipped to handle problems of redesigning and remounting old jewelry in a modern way. If you want very special attention, the following shops will not only make old jewelry modern, but will make up special pieces with either their or your own stones: Olga Tritt, 730 Fifth Avenue; V. Parseghian, 74 West Fifty-second Street; Izabel M. Coles (Wickersham 4641 for an appointment); the Little Shop of T. Azeez, 561 Fifth Avenue; or Hodges & Company, 578 Madison Avenue.

PILLOWS: The Chintz Shop, 427 Madison Avenue, does these in chintz; the Pillow Shop, 522 Madison Avenue, goes in for more formal fabrics.

RUGS: Altman's rug department has a certain number of hooked-rug designs which may be made up in any feasible shape and size—round, semicircular, similar hard-to-get forms.

SCREENS: The Screen Shop, 640 Lexington Avenue, makes any kind of screen in your own materials, or in paper or fabric from a large and tasteful collection at the shop.

FINAL FILLIPS: Edward G. Washburn, 207 Fulton Street, specializes in making weathervanes to commemorate favorite horses, dogs, yachts, or anything you have in mind. Copper, with 22-karat gold leaf. Prices from $6 to $6,000; the average around $40, with installation charges varying with the height of the roof. Can be delivered with temporary base to decorate the Christmas table.

The General Bronze Corporation, if approached early enough, will immortalize animal pets and children in bronze, as paperweights or anything. 480 Hancock Street, Long Island City; Astoria 5500. —B. B.

•

Her mother said the dancer had expressed extreme weariness with the dreams, desires, and disappointments of Broadway life. Her father died in infancy.—*Boston Transcript.*

With what might be called remarkable foresight.

fast fascinating fashionable fun

Play ——— *on a tiny court*

QUOITENNIS

THE NEW WORLD SPORT

Quoitennis packs in a small space more real, vigorous sport and fun than any other game. Scored like tennis, but using a hollow air-vented rubber ring called the TENIKOIT instead of racket and ball. Quoitennis offers the first real sporting exercise suitable for any home.

Played singles or doubles by men, women or children all over the world, on land or sea, Quoitennis (sometimes incorrectly called deck or ring tennis) is being enthusiastically adopted by schools, colleges, clubs, resorts, gymnasiums, hotels and so forth, as the coming world sport. ... ...

Sets including TENIKOIT, 16 foot net and rule book. $5.00. Extra Tenikoits $1.50.

An ideal Christmas gift

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and at all up-to-date sporting goods, department and toy stores throughout the United States. Send for Quoitennis circular.

THE DEK SALES CO.
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GLOBE-TROTTERS

Perhaps you will never attain the suaveness of Floyd Gibbons, globe-trotter extraordinary. But we can fortify you with some of the easy nonchalance that marks the experienced traveler by attending to all the bothersome travel details for you... *and at no extra cost.*

Tour or Cruise for the Winter season at regular tariff rates. ¶ Our Brochure No. 4 contains interesting suggestions. Send for it now!

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THE EXPERT

I AM a proud man. I have had in my simple English home a cocktail made for me by an American. I had invited him to dinner, but, Richard being a New Yorker, I naturally didn't dare mix cocktails for him myself. It would have been like offering M. Escoffier some homemade pickle. So timidly I asked the expert, and the expert actually consented to undertake the job.

First, he took off his coat, rubbed his hands, and polished his glasses. Then he inquired what I had. I led him into the dining-room and pointed to my array of bottles—gin, vermouths, liqueurs, bitters, and whiskey. He uncorked the gin and took a cautious sniff at it. He hadn't been long in England.

"Where did you get this?" he asked. "I see it's got a Gordon label."

I replied "From Gordon's," and Richard asked in an awed manner, well, what did I know about that.

Then he added: "At home, I make ours up in the bath. . . .Oh, well, never mind! Have you got an orange?"

We took the orange into the kitchen, ejected the maid, who was merely preparing dinner, and he began to knead the fruit back and forth on the table, humming dreamily and staring at the ceiling.

"What are you looking for?" I asked.

"Inspiration."

"Inspiration?"

"Yes. I'm *composing* my cocktail."

I tiptoed off and turned on the radio, thinking music might help. A ringing voice took possession of the house, explaining in cultured tones how to prune hybrid roses. I turned off the radio.

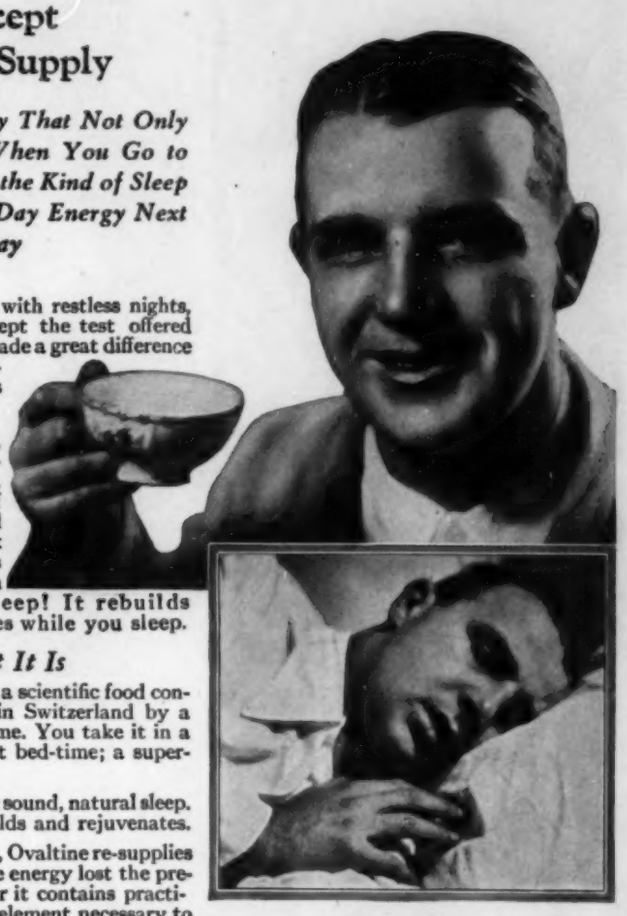
Richard found a lemon. Not a very good lemon: in fact, one we were keep-

No More Sleepless Nights

Sound Sleep Now Utterly Without Drugs

Accept 3-Day Supply

A New Discovery That Not Only Induces Sleep, When You Go to Bed, But Induces the Kind of Sleep That Brings All-Day Energy Next Day



If you are troubled with restless nights, we urge you to accept the test offered here. Doing so has made a great difference in the lives of thousands of nervous people.

On doctors' advice, millions are employing this new way. For it is as free of drugs as the bread you eat or the milk you drink. And does far more than simply induce sleep! It rebuilds your wasted tissues while you sleep.

What It Is

It is called Ovaltine; a scientific food concentrate developed in Switzerland by a scientist of world-fame. You take it in a cup of warm milk at bed-time; a super-delicious drink.

First it induces sleep; sound, natural sleep. The kind that rebuilds and rejuvenates.

Then *while* you sleep, Ovaltine re-supplies your system with the energy lost the previous active day. For it contains practically every building element necessary to life and energy, in a form which the human system can easily absorb while you sleep. You can take it night after night and not only not form a habit, as with drugs—but actually *build up* your health!

Do you wonder then, that people are flocking to its use? New to America, Ovaltine is being recommended by over 20,000 doctors. Used over 30 years in Europe, its use has spread to over 54 different nations. It marks one of the most important scientific findings of its time.

Accept Test

Doctors urge it not only for sleeplessness, but for all nervous and run-down conditions. They recommend it, too, for nervous, underweight children. Thousands of busy people take it during the day to relieve fatigue. A few weeks' use will make an amazing difference in the way you feel.

Believe or not what people claim for Ovaltine. *Try it.* Obtain at any drug or grocery store, or use coupon for special 3-day test.

MAIL FOR 3-DAY SUPPLY

Make this experiment. Drink a cup of hot Ovaltine before retiring, for three nights. Note how quickly you go to sleep; how refreshed you feel when you awaken; your teeming energy next day. Mail coupon, with 10c for a 3-day introductory package

OVALTINE

BUILDS BODY, BRAIN AND NERVES

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I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day package of Ovaltine.

Name.....
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Parfum Pour Blondes
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Just as you choose the colors that most become you, so should you select your perfume. If you have been blessed with blonde loveliness, why not supplement your beauty with the one odeur that truly expresses your type... Lionceau's Parfum pour Blondes. Face powder, dusting powder, lipstick and dice-style lip paste in this delightful fragrance also available. Sold at the better shops.
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ing until it was hard and dry enough for the dog to play ball with, because it's the only kind of ball the animal won't eat. He massaged the lemon a bit, with a dry crackling sound, and looked round for the electrical orange-juicer. I explained that there were only four in England and those in the big London hotels, and so he took a knife and his fingers. This was fun to watch. He got a glassful of juice out of one half of the orange, a sleeveful from the other half, and seven and three-quarter drops from the lemon.

WHEN he had had a wash, he came back and measured out gin in a saucepan we found. Then he hewed off some lemon peel. The preparation of dinner, by the way, was now going on in the scullery. It was lucky we had a scullery. Richard got some more bottles—I took away the Chambertin one—and then I unearthed the best cocktail-shaker, a wedding present we've always been meaning to use.

"Once," began Richard reminiscently, "when I was making cocktails at a big party in New York, I made a mistake and put some benzine in the mixture."

I was appalled and glanced surreptitiously at the labels of all the bottles he had been using. I breathed more freely, for, except for cherry brandy, which I shouldn't have thought of putting in a cocktail myself, it looked all right.

"Well, I think that's about ready," said Richard at last, when the kitchen table looked like a cross between a drugstore window and a vaudeville star's dressing-table. "No, *wait* a bit!" he added, picking up a last bottle.

"Wait a *bit*," said I, and took the Worcester Sauce from him.

"Oh, all right," he remarked regretfully. "Well, where's your icebox?"

"What do you want an icebox for?"

He was very patient. "Well, where's your ice?"

"Ice?" This was getting very difficult. "What do you want ice for?"

"For the cocktail." His eye began to look a little wild.

"Oh, I see. But I'm afraid we must do without it. We haven't got any."

"*No ice!*" he choked. "B-but . . . you *can't* have a cocktail without ice. It's impossible. You just can't. Surely you need to have ice for other things too? Say for . . ."

As the words "ice water" trembled on his tongue I considered this gap in

our civilization. "We do have ice in summer," I retorted proudly. "It comes from the fishmonger, but even so you can't use it for cocktails because it tastes of fish."

He choked back a sob.

"Be a man!" I said, patting him on the shoulder. "Be English! Come, come! *I'll* shake it."

UNDER my cheery shaking he collected himself. We removed from the kitchen to the drawing-room and poured out the cocktails.

Oh boy, ice or no ice, I'll say that *was* a cocktail. We drank to each other and to Hoover and to the Royal Family and to the maid and to Carrie Nation (ironically) and to dear old Carl way back in New York (reminiscently), and I drank an absent toast to silent friends and he drank a little toast to Peary, who discovered the North Pole, with all its ice.

"What a country!" he said, as he at last tilted the shaker vertically. Then he brightened. "Anyway, I disguised the taste of the gin pretty well."

—ANTHONY ARMSTRONG

•

TO A PATIENT IN ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL

It must be very fine to be
So chummy with St. J. the D.,
To loll in bed and take your naps
Beside the frozen-figured apse,
To ride the crest of fever's wave
Above the gaunt, unfinished nave,
To gain a little time for planning
And meditate on Bishop Manning.
What solace to your jaundiced hide,
This miracle of Morningside!
How slight the ache of thigh and shin does
Seem beside the sports-bay windows!
How dim the life that crowds and jostles
Beneath the gaze of twelve apostles!
And when your contemplation tires
Of angels and still-dreamed-of spires,
How cool and fresh each bending tree
That throws its shadow on the See!
(All Nature here is alien
That's not Episcopalian),
And Heaven itself must seem more sure
(*Gaudeamus igitur*)—
A clearer blue and more benign
For smiling on St. John Divine.
Ah lucky fellow, safe in bed,
By saint and doctor comforted,
You should be eased in soul a-plenty
And mend apace. *Deo volente!*

—HOWARD CUSHMAN

"Everyone who understands beauty care takes Kleenex as a matter of course..."

Virginia Valli

Screen stars—wise in the ways of beauty—find Kleenex indispensable for removing cold cream.

WHY is Kleenex in the dressing room of almost every star in Hollywood?

Because, as Virginia Valli says, "It's the modern, sanitary way to remove cold cream and make-up."

Kleenex *is* the modern way. How much daintier to use an immaculate tissue than a germ-filled cold cream cloth... or a harsh and unabsorbent towel!

With Kleenex there's no rubbing or stretching the skin. You just *blot*. Along with the cream come embedded dirt and cosmetics—which harsh cloths often rub right back into the pores.

Kleenex is simply discarded after using. If you don't know Kleenex, start today to give your skin the care it deserves. Buy Kleenex at drug, dry goods and department stores.

USE Kleenex for handkerchiefs—it avoids reinfection when you have a cold ... is soft, dainty ... and saves laundry.

Try Kleenex Free

Kleenex Company, NY-11
Lake Michigan Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
Please send a sample of Kleenex to:

Name.....
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• NOTE THE SMART *New Curve*

• "Cutaway" pockets replace straight lines with graceful curves, eliminate bulk, reduce weight, make this the most practical of small billfolds — highly individual, delightfully smart.

• (Below) The partition Bill-Tainer, most popular of billfolds, efficiently organizes all pocket miscellany. Folding construction keeps it flat and shapely; empty or full, it cannot buckle or bulge.

New trade-mark identifies the genuine Buxton Bill-Tainer

No stitches to rip or tear!

That means longer life, of course. With no threads to pull, no seams to wear out, the Bill-Tainer lasts as long as its leather.

It means also greater convenience in use, as well as a more pronounced flatness, a smart slimness. For the Bill-Tainer's folding construction permits it to expand with its contents. Empty or full, it is always flat and shapely.

The models shown are in Ostrich Inlay. Other leathers, other styles and sizes—$2.50 to $15. At most dealers', or write Buxton, Inc., 410 Main Street, Springfield, Massachusetts.

Buxton

BILL-TAINERS

NOT A STITCH TO RIP OR TEAR

FOOTBALL

Big-League Stuff—Columbia's Mr. Hewitt—
A Vindication—The Man Behind the Whistle

A MAN who knew more football twenty years ago than I'll know twenty years from now once told me that all any coach needs for a successful season is a good defence and a smart kicker. The games of the last two Saturdays at New Haven have been perfect demonstrations of this philosophy. Yale held firm and punted to earn its tie with Army; Yale and Dartmouth checkmated each other with savage defensive play and good right toes.

Few seem to realize that the punt is an offensive play and God is on the side of the team with the wind behind it. Get into November, by which time the competition has become stiffer, and lines which have been fitted together six weeks before have begun to realize what it's all about, and those trick offensives which went so well against the Aggies don't look so devastating. Then if a coach has been spending all his time teaching triple passes, and has neglected the defensive side of the game, his team will begin to look as bad as the Aggies did and the papers will begin to talk about upsets. Playing safe, wearing the other fellow down and waiting for the breaks, is really the old Yale system, begun way back in the nineties, since when many an athletic director's reputation has been made by sticking to its simple formula.

YALE and Dartmouth both have sound football teams. Last Saturday's game was the first big-league ball I've seen played this season. Earlier games I saw featured either big-league teams still in the spring-training stage, so to speak, or bush-league material. Watch Dartmouth or Yale any time from now on and you'll see adult football.

The real thrill of the tie game in New Haven came in the last quarter: Yale's stand with its back against the wall, and a howling wind in its face to stop punts in midair and give Dartmouth shot after shot at the Yale goal-line. Yale took everything Dartmouth had, standing up and fighting back—and don't think Dartmouth threw away its chances by pounding the strong spots. Dartmouth mixed forward passes with laterals, opened the defence and sent ram-like drives through the guards. It ran the ends with as many as four men ahead of the ball-carrier. And again and again the Yale line charged, fighting mad, matching a ten-yard completed pass with the tackle of a ball-carrier ten yards behind the line, driving Dartmouth more and more into the air and then batting down its passes just when Dartmouth most needed to complete one. They say the same sort of thing went on in the last half of the Army game, but it's hard to believe it wasn't Booth's vitalizing of the team that made last Saturday's defence possible. He seemed to give every man his personal attention, meting out praise and blame; and when, as happened once or twice, he was the last man between a Dartmouth back and the goal, he appeared to trick the man into running right into him with the same ease with which he persuades ends to miss when he himself carries.

OF course, Dartmouth made the same sort of defence earlier in the game, again and again arranging things so that Booth had no place to go, and

ARE YOU SHOULDER WEARY AFTER THE GAME?

Slip into a
ZERO OVERCOAT

It is so soothingly light, and yet so woven it somehow bottles up more heat per ounce than you could believe. A sport coat in cut and pattern, the Zero is for the man who already has a more formal coat

$75

BY HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

WALLACH BROTHERS

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53 Broadway (below Wall)
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then smacking the passes he finally had to resort to. No one, however, realized that so much depended on a single score then. It is in the last minutes of a game that goal-line stands take on real drama. Poor Dartmouth! They would probably have won if they'd tried their field goal a few plays earlier, when they had the ball centred before the posts. But then that Yale man might have had his hands in his pockets the time Booth's touchdown was called back on account of his holding.

TO continue about Booth, if his running fascinates you the way it does me: Dartmouth solved his line-running by not leaving any place for him to run, but with a punt in his hands their only recourse was a flanking movement, four or five—as many as possible—men swinging him into the sidelines. The first man or two down (if he had time to get set), he seemed to ignore completely. I tried to analyze it. Why did ends as smart as Dartmouth's go on their ears every time they were left alone with Booth down the field? And more often than not they hit so hard when they missed that they had to be helped up and walked around until their heads cleared. Change of pace is part of it, but it seemed to me that the essential element lay in Booth's feinting. He seems to give his man a free shot—and then take the target away when his opponent presses the trigger. All great backs have had the knack in varying degrees; there is nothing new about it, but Booth is the perfect current example.

G. R. H. saw Columbia beat Cornell. From what I gathered from his remarks he felt, to go back to that baseball simile, that he was scouting the bush leagues. He found, however, one man worthy of better things, Hewitt of Columbia.

If a one-man team appeals to you, he writes, put Columbia on the list; but stay away if Hewitt isn't in the lineup. This back scored all the points against Cornell; kicked a field goal from forty yards out, ran a kickoff ninety yards to a touchdown (with noteworthy interference), punted, passed, intercepted passes, and made all the substantial Columbia gains. It is probably heresy to suggest that he means more to Columbia than Booth to Yale, but there's the outline of the idea—take it for what it's worth. One other thing: have you ever noticed that these one-man teams give their great man about three times

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the interference they give any other back?

There was, G. R. H. continues, plenty of exciting and spectacular, if not very sensible, football in the Columbia-Cornell game. Perhaps, even, the sillier the teams, the better show they put on for the uninitiated. For three periods Cornell gave an excellent demonstration of a team grossly overestimated on the evidence of a soft schedule. The line was lifted off its feet, Handleman kicked wretchedly (but not as wretchedly as Beyer handled kicks), the running attacks stumbled over the interference, the passing attack was indiscriminate, obvious, and reckless. Cornell did complete some passes—and the umpire, W. B. Elcock, seemed exceedingly generous to Columbia in the construction he put on "interference"—but where is the percentage in passing your way from your own thirty-yard line, or even your own goal-line, if the end of it all is just another touchback?

In the fourth quarter (with Hewitt out) Cornell rallied. Halfway through the period the running attack came to life with a bang, and a beautiful sustained march drove the ball over from midfield. It was too late, though, to start over again and from then on, still fooling around with the forward pass, they were going steadily backward.

TWO weeks ago, when I got back from Princeton and read of that sensational pile-up after which Albie Booth was carried from the Yale-Army game, I set out to discover what it was all about. I talked with men whose eyes were keen and whose heads were cool, and on their evidence wrote a rather bitter paragraph about an incident which, it seemed to me, might do football as a sport more harm than all the overemphasis that it is the fashion to denounce.

Since that time the moving pictures have made me happy by proving my informants wrong. Late last week I saw a film, taken from the stands by a friend of mine, which showed not only how things happened but—and this was the amazing part—how so many trained observers could have been so terribly mistaken (apparently even the slow movies did not reveal the true situation at first). These pictures showed that the ball which rolled from Booth's arms, and for which the Army team dived, was not in view more than the merest fraction of a second, that it lay almost touching its late carrier. To have watched the Army forwards hesi-

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(Above) Here's a happy gathering of neat figures, in pleasing contrast against a solid background. Appropriate for country-side or sportswear. White (or blue) chambray shirt, with soft, rounded collar, pinned in manner favored by our British cousins. Sox of soft navy blue French wool, with the hand-embroidered blue and white clox. Scarf of lustrous navy blue Italian silk, flecked with white and blue seed-like figures. Linen handkerchief in blue and white of gay French print design. Braces, by Pioneer, of royal blue with white Jacquard effect. Brighton Garters to match.

Thus Pioneer offerings are not only authentic in style but also find ready echo in the other items which go to make up the smart Fall ensemble. For example, witness this rich grouping of belts and shoes.

(Above) Scotch grain oxfords in black and deep tan with calfskin belts to match. Against the rich simplicity of these bench-made belts, the animal head decoration is a novel high-light. Animal head cuff-links and tie-clasp to match. Belts by Pioneer, naturally.

tate when the referee raised his arms, then seen them lunge down toward the prostrate Booth, must, if one had not noticed the rolling ball, have been a hair-raising experience. It looked like murder. There has been a lot of talk about the senselessness of post-mortem discussion and analysis by motion pictures, but to me, the single feat of the motion-picture machine in vindicating the cadets, in erasing from the minds of thousands of spectators the horrid picture an optical illusion gave them, has more than justified its presence at football games. It laid an unpleasant ghost.

HERE is something which may have been puzzling you, this season of disputed decisions: Who are all those officials in white knickerbockers; which is which and what are their jobs? They are a referee, an umpire, a linesman, and a field judge. Roughly speaking, the referee is the authority on matters of fact (Is the ball in play? Is it a score?), the umpire and the linesman on matters of method (Has a foul been committed? Has everyone behaved in a nice way?). The field judge is the one with the stop-watch, and becomes more and more important as the game nears its end.

The referee is the senior member of the four. He's the one who blows a whistle. The umpire has a horn. He toots it for a foul, but play goes on until the whistle declares the ball dead. The linesman bosses the pair who run up and down the sidelines with rods and chain, marking the ball's progress, and keeps an eye out for offsides, tripping, and other irregularities. He stands by the sidelines while the umpire and the field judge loiter behind the team on the defence; the former nearer, the latter twenty or thirty yards back. Across the line of scrimmage from them, the referee. Now you'll know whom to blame for what. The man who paces off the penalties is the referee. He takes those long steps to measure yards, not to look ominous.

—LINESMAN

•

OUR SARCASTIC PRESS

[From radio program in the Evening World]

9:30—Democratic campaign committee; speakers, Roosevelt, Lehman, Tremaine, Bennett.

10:00—Political rally of Passaic County Republican Committee at Paterson Armory; speakers, Hon. Dwight W. Morrow, Hon. John McCutcheon, Hon. George N. Seger and others.

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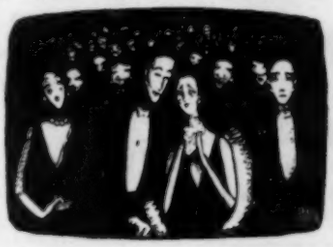
THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Messrs. Amos 'n' Andy—Harold Lloyd Keeps at It—As Corrected by Hollywood

ANOTHER old landmark has fallen before the march of the movies. That ancient establishment that once housed the gusty laughter of the Columbia Burlesque has given place to the new Mayfair Theatre, all glass and steel and bright colors in the most modern of modern art, though with more comfortable chairs, I must say, than are generally to be found in this fashion of decoration. However, the inaugural picture at the Mayfair, a piece called "Check and Double Check," with the celebrated Amos 'n' Andy, needs all the extraneous assistance it can get; box springs for its spectators would not be too much.



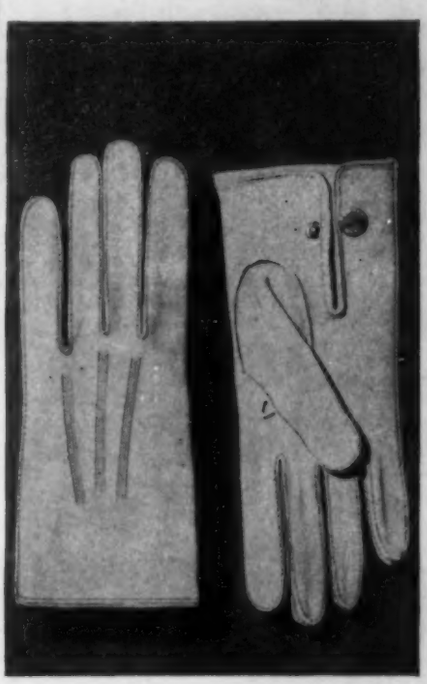
For a long time I have understood that this special form of delight was regaling the world at large, this side-splitting couple, Amos 'n' Andy, a source of amusement I somehow seem to have missed hitherto. In this picture I find the gentlemen to be a mild Moran and Mack, less deft and accomplished than those comedians. The first forty minutes of the picture depend upon jokes and whimsies about the Ford car that drops a fender at every jolt. This familiar sequence is followed by the comic spectacle of two Negroes in a haunted house. For the climax of the film there is one of those frantic dashes through New York traffic covering the space between Harlem and the Pennsylvania Station in three minutes. There is a meeting of the Mystic Knights of the Sea, where it is announced that at the last one held for the purpose of collecting the dues there was nobody present. I do not know if this is the humor which has refreshed our nation but I suppose that it must be.

I DID laugh at the new Harold Lloyd picture. By the blessing of fate I am evidently still to be allowed an occasional chuckle. "Feet First," at the Rialto, dawdles along, it must be said, for quite a while, but toward the end it contrives to deposit Mr. Lloyd on the façade of a skyscraper, that locale which is his best stage. The unhappy wretch is dangled and hurtled and balanced, dropped from one ledge to another on the dizzy heights far above the pavements, ever, it seems, in immediate peril of his life—which may appear an odd description of comedy, something deserving comment from the philosophers. Funny it is, however, and Mr. Lloyd gives a new meaning to our skyscrapers. His ghost should walk on the Chrysler tower.

TO get the comedy out of the way before advancing to more weighty matters, we might check off the new Chevalier affair, "Playboy of Paris." Chevalier is a singer, a revue star whose songs have delighted Paris for years. Now they have got him in Hollywood, and what are they doing with him? They are working carefully to present him in pictures without any songs. They have got him now in an ordinary foolish little farce without a bleat of music, something wherein he is a French waiter who inherits a million francs. With his chief talent thus entirely ignored, this Chevalier from the Place Clichy, Montmartre (sharing the acting honors of the sketch with Stuart Erwin from Squaw Valley, California), contrives, however, to be rather droll in spite of things. I have no doubt that at this moment the wiseacres in charge of his career on the Coast are considering his suitability for the rôle of David Harum, or, in a historical treatise, perhaps as Cotton Mather.

SPEAKING of history, let us pause before "Du Barry, Woman of Passion." In "Du Barry, Woman of Passion," the scholars of the cinema world have just let go. They have had the time of their lives. According to this rendering, the French Revolution took place in the reign of Louis XV. And who unbarred the gates and admitted the mob into the palace? You guessed it. Du-Barry-Woman-of-Passion herself. Why? To save the life, of course, of her true love. For it seems that though Du-Barry-Woman-of-Passion was a weak woman and could not resist the love of the King of France, she nursed in her heart all along this abiding devotion. Even at the height of her glory she cries aloud: "I wonder if there is money enough in France to buy forgetful-

ON THE ONE HAND —AND ON THE OTHER!



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ness." The Revolution brings her some happiness. Still in the bloom of youth, she is united with her true love, united in death. In the tumbrels they may coo together. The "passion," by the way, so stressed in the title consists of now and again giving the King a whack with any convenient article that chances to be about, and the voice which Norma Talmadge employs to beguile Majesty would be considered more raucous than provocative even in Astoria. In deference to tradition, to be sure, the characters in this startling drama wear the powdered peruke, and costumes occasionally suggestive of the general idea of the eighteenth century, though Du-Barry-Woman-of-Passion appears at the court fête in a tight, clinging garment which the actual lady would have considered as indecent and grotesque as it would seem to a girl today to make the *grande entrée* at the Mayfair dances at the Ritz garbed in a barrel.

IT is a little discourteous of me to have discussed so many young flibbertigibbets before the venerable Otis Skinner. All that I can remember from the stage version, the only scene that seemed to remain in my childish fancy from that gala performance of "Kismet," is the drowning scene in the harem. You may remember it also, that moment when the beggar pushes the villain down into the tank until he is dead. I suspect that that is all I shall recall from the film at the Hollywood. The bubbles coming up through the water make a pretty picture. Aside from these bubbles, the movie is quite dull, with a lot of minarets and Moorish scrollwork in the sets, and the dialogue pasty with "thee"s and "thou"s. "Oh, thou jealous viper!" cries one person to another, and the audience gives a long, deep sigh. The acting of these caliphs and wazirs and beggars

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with their "Alms, for the love of Allah, alms" suggests nothing so much as that of a troupe of intimates who have dismantled the cosy corner and put on a show in the back parlor. This of course does not apply to Mr. Skinner, who has been calling out "Alms, for the love of Allah, alms" for the last twenty-or-so years, and he makes his plea just as proficiently on the screen as he did on the stage.

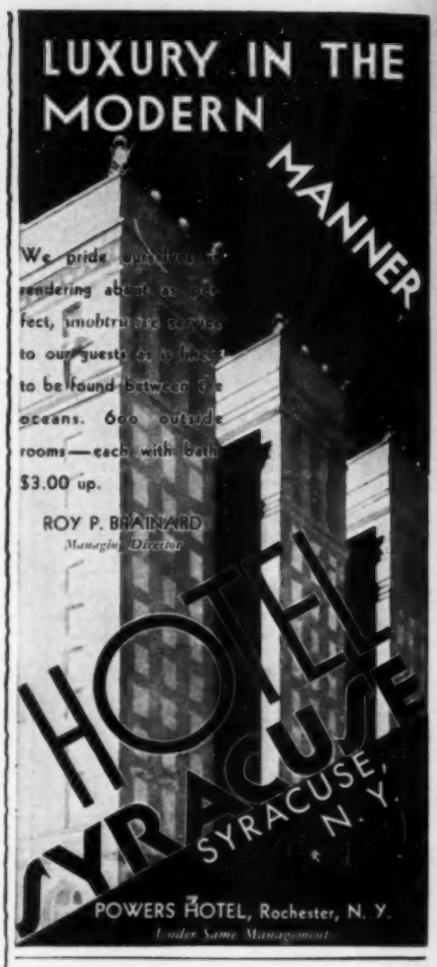
OUR newest underworld opus is "The Doorway to Hell," with Lewis Ayres (of "All Quiet on the Western Front"). Mr. Ayres plays a Chicago gangster, a little cherub of a killer who meets death at last himself instead of settling down on a Florida estate. If you like a lot of hardboiled racketeer small talk and plenty of machine-gun work, you will rather enjoy this trifle. Mr. Ayres himself does well with the part. He does better with this grim bit than he does in "East Is West," which shows him as the nice young boy in love with a Chinese girl —only it turns out she isn't Chinese after all. A natural mistake! Lupe Velez is this misunderstood heroine, playing it, whatever her race may be, somewhat as a Chinese Topsy.

THE English have wedged two films through the Customs this week. "Escape" is the Galsworthy play about the flight of the convict, and it is a subdued and gentle bit, colored with a meekness of behavior we should not dream of attributing to our prison dramas. Anna May Wong appears in the other British presentation, "The Flame of Love," giving an excellent performance in the title rôle. Miss Wong sings and dances and is altogether delightful in this trifle about Russian grand dukes and their wicked Czarist habits. It does not develop at the end of this picture that Miss Wong is not Chinese after all but the daughter of a Methodist missionary. That will come later. There is rumor that Miss Wong is soon going to Hollywood—to play, I suppose, Elsie Dinsmore. —J. C. M.

•

Again the world wakes, troubled by news rather depressing. New York radicals, "Reds," organized demonstrations, not very effective. One "Red" boy bit a policeman. You cannot change the social order by biting.—*Arthur Brisbane in the Los Angeles Examiner.*

No, but you can make a cop awfully mad.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LONDON LETTER

LONDON, OCT. 29

INDIAN potentates, of whom there are quite a number here just now, for the Imperial Conference, are something of a problem. The ordinary Londoner regards them with an uncomfortable blend of emotions, for he has difficulty in regulating his attitude toward a man who is at the same time both black and a potentate. He never quite understands him. There is the Aga Khan, for instance, who has now won both the Cesarewitch and the Derby, and never bets on his horses. He races for the sensation. Though His Highness is quite clearly a sportsman, and a very popular one, in his own country he is a kind of Pope. When he travels by train there, exalted and priestly personages invade his carriage at every stop and kiss his feet. Indians, when they speak of him, bate their breath—as far as the explosively guttural pronunciation of his name will allow.

These people come over here and drive round the town in silver-plated cars with mysterious blue-glass windows. Most of them stay at Claridge's, where the management is used to exceptional demands in the way of harem accommodations, meals in *purdah*, and what not. There is a separate floor for Oriental potentates, and most of them like to choose their own wallpaper and furniture. Claridge's will go to any lengths to please them in this respect.

I WAS in a country house a short while ago when Prince Hamidullah Khan was expected to tea. He arrived driving a pale-blue Rolls-Royce with the pale-blue flag of Bhopal fluttering gaily above it. The car was one of those *coupés de ville*, with the front seat open and the rear portion closed. The rear portion had smoked windows. Beside the Prince sat a young Indian. The Prince dismounted, rang the bell, and entered, alone. Various guests and maidservants peeping from various windows of the house reported the smoked glass and the young Indian. Presently the hostess, who felt that tea could not be postponed much longer, said "Won't you bring in your friend?" "He's all right," said the Prince. "He's had tea." The hostess hesitated, and finally shattered every canon of caste by going out and asking the young man in. She glanced at the rear portion of the car and decided she'd better leave that alone.

The young man came in, with a grave face, and the guests expected the situation would be a bit strained. When, however, the Prince, after passing his betel-nut case politely around, gave the order to go, the young Indian was found quite happily devoting himself with energy and concentration to a very fierce game of ping-pong. Mr. Kipling's theory about East and West seems to have gone the way of most theories.

THE betel-nut habit, incidentally, is a curious one. As you probably know, it makes the mouth absolutely black, and tastes pretty badly. All sorts of things go with it—powdered tobacco, and cloves, and little red objects. I don't foresee much of a future for it here. What is devastating the London palate, however, is *maté*, the South American drink. You can get it at Fortnum & Mason, and for the time being everybody swears by it.

IF you managed to fight your way through the acquisitive herds, there was one car at the Motor Show unusually worth seeing. It was the original Silver Ghost Rolls-Royce, built in 1905 for the Honourable Charlie Rolls, who flew away over the North Sea many years ago, you may remember, and has never come back. This is the same car that travelled the four hundred miles between London and Edinburgh to a total of forty thousand miles, and stopped only once, at the 37,421st mile, because the petrol tap jerked shut. The Rolls-Royce Company has been profiting by the reputation of that run ever since.

The car goes as smoothly and as silently as the day it was new, has six cylinders and the familiar Attic radiator, and is, all in all, a most distinguished vehicle still. One felt, when one visited it, that everyone should stand before it for a few moments, bareheaded and in silence. —A. G.

•

Generally one line of a poem will come in advance, and she has no idea, she says, at the time what the thing is about, but she takes it down as fast as it develops and typewrites whatever she has obtained.—*The Writer.*

It is then up to the reader.

TANGEE

LIKE NATURE'S OWN GLOW

VOGUE TELLS "WHAT MEN DISLIKE IN WOMEN"

"Men no longer beam with approval," says this world famous fashion magazine, "at the sight of a schoolgirl complexion guiltless of any make-up. On the contrary they may even find it wan and dull. But there remains always the distinction between art and artifice, and a patently artificial beauty leaves them quite as cold. Avoid therefore lipsticks that do not match one's natural coloring." ©

. . .

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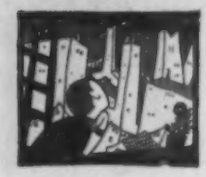

WHILE you never really get any little extra attentions in New York without paying for them, 895 Park Avenue makes you feel, in certain respects, as if you did. Its radiators, for instance, most of which are recessed in the walls, are enclosed in better-than-ordinary fashion—the boxes have architectural merit, with their carved edges—and the windows above them are carefully planned for balance and practicality. Almost every room has ventilation on two sides—something of a minor triumph. Seldom have I seen bedrooms more gracefully arranged to satisfy the entire family that is to use them; ordinarily the fine apartment has one vast, palatial master's chamber, and a row of commonplace, though satisfactory, rooms for sundry encumbrances such as children and guests. Here there are, in most of the apartments, two main master's bedrooms, each with a fireplace, several large windows, a luxurious bath with separate glass stall shower, and a dressing-room attached —not to mention a couple of good closets. This is the first provision in a long time for placating the harassed husband. The other bedrooms are comfortable, if not remarkable. Several inside baths are included in this promise of domestic felicity, but I am told that since the law allows them now, people ought to be glad to have them. I question it.

THE whole house has an air of leisure and expansive comfort. In one type of duplex (where all the ceilings are ten feet high), there is a dining-room eighteen by twenty-six feet—which is enormous for a city apartment, in case you didn't know. Like all the other dining-rooms, as well as living-rooms and libraries, it has a fireplace, and since you buy your own mantels, and most of these apartments have five fireplaces, you will, if faced with the problem, have a wild time getting five antique mantels within the grim limits of the 1930 budget.

Here is a relieving whisper from an old, experienced budgeteer: C. H. Southard & Company (Ye Olde Mantel Shoppe), of 251 East Thirty-third Street, are those housewreckers you have always heard of who sell the beautiful mantels, doors, and panelling that come out when Mauve Decade palaces go. Well worth a visit, O coöperative buyer.

Returning to No. 895, I might add that all clothes closets have cedarwood floors, that each kitchen and pantry has its own General Electric refrigerator, and that some of the biggest butlers' pantries on record will be found here. Also, in one type of duplex, you get a loggia-sunparlor-alcove—what you will—off the dining-room and one of the bedrooms above. A decorators' paradise.

Prices: duplex, fourteen rooms and six baths, from $79,000 to $107,000; fifteen rooms and seven baths (also a duplex), from $75,000 to $123,000; simplex, twelve rooms and five baths, from $39,000 to $79,000. These prices are more or less average; there are a few special apartments as well. Estimated annual maintenance, ten per cent; selling agents, Pease & Elliman; architects, Sloan & Robertson, who ought to take a bow.

NOT far away is another coöperative, 133 East Eightieth Street, which has a peculiarly simple sort of charm, and therefore has appealed to some delightful people. There is nothing very amazing about this house—no bay windows or dressing-rooms or mammoth closets—but it is well proportioned, well thought out, and well finished, as you would expect of Signor Candela, the architect. Both simplex and duplex apartments are available, and some moderately priced six-room suites are well worth seeing. Among these is one on the third floor which has a little flagged terrace of its own, and everything complete on a rather bridelike scale—for $17,000.

Here also, inside baths appear, and, for the life of me, I do not understand why. All sorts of mediocre buildings have windows in the baths, yet our better houses are going commercial. Too bad! However, each apartment has a cedar closet, ample storage space for linen, bridge tables, and golf bags, and also something I wish were universal —a coat closet and dressing-room in each entrance foyer for the use of guests.

Among the available suites are eleven rooms, simplex, for $54,000, and a nine-room duplex for $37,000. Estimated maintenance, ten and a half per cent; selling agents and detail-takers, Brown, Wheelock: Harris, Vought.

AGAIN—I believe that the place, the perfect place, for modernistic décor is public buildings, and cite the Barbizon-Plaza, 101 West Fifty-eighth Street, to prove it. Its concert hall is superb. As for the living quarters, you can get, above the twenty-second floor, what they call a simplex studio—really an unusually large hotel room furnished more as a library than a bedroom—or a small duplex studio whose bedroom perches on the shelf above the living-room. Each studio has a bath and a collapsing serving-pantry. The rents are seventy dollars a week for the simplex, a hundred for the duplex; and much less for each on a yearly lease. The majority of the rooms, however, are of the small, but correctly furnished, comfortable type that you find in most large residential hotels. The prices are not of the lowest—about nineteen a week for a single room and bath—but Continental breakfast—*café complet*—is supposed to make a difference. The hotel aspires to become a centre for artistic activities; so, for one thing, you can hire a practice-room (with piano) for fifty cents an hour.

BY the appealing borders of the Fifty-ninth Street Central Park lake, the St. Moritz now offers very pleasing accommodations. This is well up in the group of moderate-price residential hotels, and you get a good deal out of living there—Rumpelmayer's tearoom, for instance, which is great for Parisian nostalgics. The regular run of rooms is not extraordinary, but very nice—small, well furnished, pleasant in minor details, and reasonable. Two people can have a double room for seven dollars a day—and be comfortable in it. The furniture is varied, if not distinguished. You may also, if you wish, have much larger rooms at correspondingly reasonable figures, or even unfurnished suites with really unobstructed views of the Park. The service, they tell me, is good, and the food even better. Reservations at the desk.

—PENTHOUSE

•

Monday is Gold Fish Day. A beautiful glass globe containing two gold fish given free with a tube of tooth paste. All for 50 cents. WRENTHAM PHARMACY—*Adv. in Pawtucket Times.*

It's mighty hard to make them brush their teeth, though. They forget.

VISITORS ALLOWED

SURE, come on in and show your little boy the fire engines. It's all right. That's a nice little feller you got there, Mister. . . . Oh sure, it's all right. We can have visitors in the engine house until eight P.M. and it ain't but four-thirty yet. The Department regulations says that visitors are allowed in all New York fire houses until eight o'clock. . . . No, the chief won't mind. You can take visitors anywheres in the fire house except the chief's private room. (Look out fer the wet, sonny.) . . . No, I haven't got a thing to do. The boys are starting a little pinochle but I wasn't playing this hand with the boys anyway.

Now that's the pumper. She's a sweet engine and a beauty. Of course your idea of beauty may be different than mine, but I think she's a swell looker. She rolls out of the house first and answers every alarm. You see we ain't in no high-pressure area and she's got to be at the hydrant right on time so's the boys can have a good stream. Stream of water, you know. All this may be a little technical. (No, sonny, they ain't very long ladders. The long ladders is on the other truck, the hook-and-ladder. Sure, sonny, do anything you want. You can't hurt nothing around here.)

YOU ast me if she was fast? Gee, Mister, I sort of have to laugh. She's faster than she is big; yes, sir. . . . Oh, I guess she'd do around fifty or sixty if she was ever let out. . . . Oh no, she ain't ever been let out. We dassn't. But she gets there when an alarm goes and she usually gets there first; except, of course, when another comp'ny is a lot closer. (Sure, let your little boy put the hat on. He can't hurt it. We're used to kids around here. We had a mascot like him when I was on Twenty-third Street with Number Thirty-one.)

Yes sir, the pumper usually gets there the first every time. You remember the guy what rung in the alarm when his pants caught fire? . . . Sure, you seen it in the papers about a month ago. We was there first with the pumper and Number Sixty-four was three and a half blocks closer. It was some run. Mike Doty—he's my relief—he ast Number Sixty-four when they drove up did they stop for the red lights. Was they sore? Can you imagine four comp'nies with seven pieces of apparatus and a battalion chief turning out for a fire in a guy's pants? (Don't get under the truck, sonny; there's erl under there.)

That's what costs the people so much money all the time. It makes the Fire Department expensive with all them silly alarms. We made a swell run there, though. The lieutenant was on the floor when the gong hit and waved us right out almost before I had her turning over. Sure, I'm the driver. (No, sonny, that axe isn't to cut the hose if the hose is too long. You'd better put it down—you might hurt your foot.)

WELL, I don't know what to say about my ideas of why fires start, but I think that people don't use much sense about fires. Nine-tenths of the fires don't amount to nothing, we get there so fast. People throws a match on the carpet or in the wastebasket careless-like and run to the window and yell "Fire!" Most of them fires could be put out with a basin of water, but we have to go all the same, once the alarm is turned in. And we give them a pretty good show. I guess that's what they pay taxes for. People like to see fire engines. It's all in the game. (I wouldn't play with that switch, sonny. It wears the lights out to turn them on and off.)

How powerful is she? Oh, the pumper is kind of technical for you, but she gives one hundred and thirty pounds of water pressure when she's turning over only about three-quarters of what she could. . . . Yeah, the pumping part is hooked right onto the engine and you throw it in with this lever. . . . How much did it cost? Oh, I don't know the figures exactly but I would say . . . well . . . she cost about fifteen thousand delivered with the front drive. Yes, fifteen thousand is about right . . . and we got there before six other pieces of apparatus for a fire in a guy's pants. I told you I was the driver, didn't I? (That's the sirene, sonny. No, you dassn't blow it only when there's a fire.)

Oh, no, I wouldn't say being a fireman was very dangerous. It ain't dangerous unless you have an accident. The smoke is bad sometimes. Floors

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He is the president of one of the largest, oldest, and most famous cellars in the Champagne district of France. He has one of the most sensitive palates in the world. He is one of those men to whom experts acknowledge superior discrimination. He tasted the champagne made from Vintners Concentrated Grapes. He asked its age, then exclaimed, "Four months! Come to France and your fortune is made. We cannot achieve anything nearly as good in less than three to four years."

It is our opinion that French champagne from the best vintages of the Champagne district, slowly matured and kept three or four years in glass, is better than Vintners. But in Vintners he recognized at once the bouquet, dryness, sparkle, life, after-taste and other characteristics found only in French champagne made by the old methods.

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We invite correspondence and shall be glad to answer all questions.

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are always falling and walls keep caving in but it ain't bad if you're not inside the building. . . . My most dangerous time? Well, I was up to the top of the extension—that's the extension ladder—about three years ago. I was all ready to put a stream in the sixth-story window of this apartment house when the ladder slipped. I had to hang onto the window sill for about ten minutes. . . . No, I wouldn't call us heroes. It's all in a day's work, as they say. . . . Yeah, I guess it's just our job and we do it. (Them boots are too big for you, sonny; I wouldn't put them on.)

THAT'S right, the pumper goes first and then the hook-and-ladder clears the house right after us. . . . Sure, traffic holds us up going to fires all the time. Everybody is supposed to pull up to the curb when they hear the sirene. Them taxi-drivers, though, they wouldn't pull up to no curb unless you had a p'lice escort. . . . That's right, we go the shortest way to all fires. One-way streets don't bother us none. We can go anywheres. We make the best time on avenoos, though. Turning corners is hard because traffic bunches up at corners trying to get out of the way. Mike Doty can tell you about turning corners. Mike steers the back wheels on the hook-and-ladder. The chief liked to of died when he seen what Mike did to the hook-and-ladder on Seventh Avenoo last fall. (My God, sonny, don't touch that. That's the chemical. You don't understand it.) Geez, Mister, he might of discharged the whole tank.

What did Mike do? I told you he steers the back wheels on the hook-and-ladder, didn't I? Well, one day last fall the hook-and-ladder was rolling up Seventh Avenoo for an alarm on Twelfth Street. There was a bunch of girls all dressed up flashy standing on the corner making a movie or something and Mike didn't understand the turning signal. The front end of the hook cuts into Twelfth Street going east and Mike steers his hind end into Twelfth Street going west. The hind wheels just crumpled up and drug along like a dog with no back legs. Honest, you should of seen the chief! Was he sore? Mike said the sun was in his eyes and that the front part went the wrong way. No, Mike wasn't hurt and neither was no one else, but they was all shooken up pretty bad. The big chief broke Mike to sixth class and docked him half pay for five months. That's Mike mopping up over there. (Say, *you*—I mean sonny—you mustn't scratch that new paint on the hood. No, you can't put no initials there.)

DO you got to go? Well, that's too bad. We're always glad to have visitors in the engine house and explain the apparatus and everything any time. The house is open to visitors until eight o'clock. (Did you have a good time, sonny? This is the way out, right here.) That's a fine kid you got there, Mister. Just sign this book, will you? . . . No, it don't mean nothing. It's just a record. Well, goodbye.

—ROBERT WOHLFORTH

•

HINTS TO A UNIVERSE

Dear Senior Partner, full of stars and suns
That march in dress parade on any dry night,
You seem more close to us, your little ones,
Since wise Professor Einstein says you're finite
(And everything must finish if it starts);
Then hark to one of your Component Parts:

I've watched you, and the soul within me aches
To note how hopelessly you lack improving!
Why must you stick to all your old mistakes?
Those comets, now—why don't you think of moving
The lot of them to far, enormous voids,
And getting rid of all those asteroids?

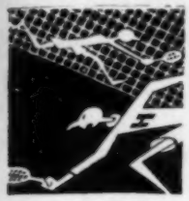
Your nebulae are all about the place;
Your lavishness with meteors is wasteful.
Our sun has dirty freckles on his face.
Your cloud effects are sometimes not untasteful,
But one would like, permit a friend to say,
A touch of color in the Milky Way.

Ah yes, you're big, you're old; but just a word
Between ourselves that need not be repeated:
To run things all yourself is most absurd
And, pardon me, perhaps a bit conceited.
Consider how much wiser it would be
To take a pointer, now and then, from me!

—ARTHUR GUITERMAN

COURT GAMES

Little Meanies — The Return of Palmer Dixon —Fifteen for Class C



LAST week, after putting on our heaviest thinking cap and retiring to a cork-lined room, where we spent several hours alone with an adding machine, we prophesied that the dereliction of Perry Pease and Lathrop Haskins to the Racquet Club would leave the Harvard Club squash-racquets team in such a weakened condition that competition would be much more even this year. As if to support this ingenious theory, five Harvard men tottered out on the courts the other day in their first match of the season and beat the Princeton Club 5–0.

RALPH A. POWERS, formerly of Boston, and one of the best squash-racquets players in the country, played No. 1 man. Both he and his opponent, G. D. Richman, varied their shots a great deal, sometimes socking the ball with immense gusto (Richman's serve was especially fast, while Powers' strongest stroke was his backhand), sometimes pulling off little meanies that trickled from the wall just above the telltale. Powers, however, was the more consistently skillful of the two and except for the second game, which went to 18–16, kept the lead pretty well throughout. Toward the end of the last game, Richman grew careless and sent some easy ones into the tin; the rallies before that were unusually long.

George B. Debevoise's superior cunning was chiefly responsible for his victory over E. F. Beddall. Debevoise excelled in round-the-corner shots; at one time Beddall was brought to the floor in a vain but spirited attempt to reach the ball. J. Lawrence Pool won from Marshall McLeod in three fairly close games, which (considering the fact that Pool used to be national champion and was forced to extend himself) speaks well for McLeod. Pool's speed and his ability to change pace were much in evidence; McLeod did almost all the running. Another encounter of the day was between B. W. Whitbeck and D. B. Foresman, in which Whitbeck, who is a tall, speedy player, upheld the honor of Harvard while chewing a piece of gum. He chewed the same piece continually through all three games without swallowing it—which, when you come to think of it, is something of a feat.

ON the same evening the University Club, runner-up to Harvard last year, lost to Rockaway Hunting, 3–2. The significant point about this affair is that Palmer Dixon, who won the squash-racquets championship in 1924, while an undergraduate at Harvard, but who has been confining himself to hard racquets at the Racquet Club for the past few years, has returned to his old game and is playing lead-off man on the Rockaway team. If we may be permitted to take another peer into the future, we prophesy that this will do Rockaway no harm.

BY the time this appears, the squash-tennis season will be well under way, with the opening Class A, B, and C matches already played. The opening Class C matches have in fact been played at this moment—as if anyone cared except, possibly, the players and their immediate families, and the coaches and their immediate families. You may, however (if you like statistics), be interested to know that no less than fifteen clubs have entered the Class C League this year; that they have been divided more or less geographically into three groups (the New Jersey one, consisting of Elizabeth Town and Country, Essex County, Montclair, and Short Hills, is going to defy the Lord's Day Alliance and play all its matches on Sunday); that there are ten teams in Class B and eight in Class A; that the National Class A championship tournament will be held at the New York Athletic Club for the first time, thanks to Harry Wolf's beating Rowland Haines last year; and that the first tournament of the season—the Fall Scratch—starts at the Columbia Club next Thursday. It all goes to show that squash tennis thrives in this period of unemployment and depression.

—G. T. H.

•

Do ham and iced tea taken at the same meal create a liquid in the stomach similar to ink? MISS W. M. B.

I know of no scientific or dietetic reason why ham and iced tea taken at the same meal would create in the stomach a liquid similar to ink.—*Question box in Good Housekeeping.*

At the same time, there's no good reason they shouldn't.

Maybe Napoleon favored a glass like this . . .

when he drained his favorite drink. Certainly he was gourmet enough to appreciate the soft rounded feel of hand moulded glass and the easy way its full bowl sat in his hand (for all the world like Europe) . . . and aesthetic enough to like the chaste reeding cut by severe military crosses in the Directoire manner. Certainly, you'll like the hard and lustrous sparkle of these crystals.

Goblets, Champagnes, Cocktails, Clarets, Finger Bowls, 18.89 a Dozen

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Both the "*Brandied*" and "*Sweet Pickled*" variety offer you a choice of Peaches, Pears, Royal Anne Cherries, Black Bing Cherries, Apricots and Pineapple—and if desired, these same fruits may be had preserved in a Sugar Syrup.

Cresca Delicacies, from the simple seasoning to the elaborate chef-d'oeuvre, are sold by the better Grocers and Fruiterers everywhere. To embark on thrilling new *Adventures in Flavor,* clip coupon below!

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TOUT À FAIT FRANÇAISE

THE realization that you need a new fur coat. The investigation of your bank account, which never offers much in the way of agreeable surprises. The mild excitement. The breezy optimism. The conviction that this time you will be able to purchase something at which your friends will look with envy and despair.

The first shop. The light-hearted confidence. The strange exotic furs that probably started life in the humblest circumstances. The woman who says surprisingly that she has a little black pony in the case with the squirrels. The discovery that pony fur makes you look not only recently bereaved but senile. The woman who says krimmer is practical. The feeling that it's lucky there's that to be said for it. The third shop. The fourth shop. The fatigue. The dejection. The splendid assortment of nice little coats, all very genteel and undistinguished. The serious young man who says everybody will love you in broadtail. The wistful thought that he's probably right but there's so little you can do about it. The saleswoman who makes the touching suggestion that mink is attractive. Your bitter reflection that if you could afford a really good mink coat you wouldn't need it, because you'd be in Havana now with no thought of coming back till the lilacs were in bloom.

THE sixth shop. The disillusionment. The slightly embittered skepticism. The gray kid coats. The raccoons. The muskrats. The saleswoman whose manner is gracious but determined. Her unmistakable accent, arousing certain memories. The black caracul in which you look distinctly morbid. The coat that would be just what you'd like if you were still in high school. The painful admission that it is too *jeune-fille.*

The eager question from the saleswoman as to whether *mademoiselle*

A name . . . An address

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The rapture. The admiration. The astonishment at *mademoiselle, qui parle presque comme une Française*. Your insincere denials. Your regrettable tendency to exaggerate former linguistic attainments. The coat that is really not bad, though identical with at least seven others you have tried on since morning. Your inspired and highly grammatical question as to the quality of the *doublure*. The happy announcement that your inflection *n'est pas du tout américaine*.

The sudden rush of French to the head. The astounding flights. The startling volubility. The very involved sentences from which you emerge breathless and a little bewildered. The *vendeuse* who seems somewhat baffled. Her obvious conviction that you are mildly *détraquée*. Your willingness to believe that the coat you are trying now has a certain cachet. The exalted mood, in which you could buy krimmer and like it. The lavishness, probably because of the fact that the last time you bought anything in French you paid for it with francs, not dollars. The decision to take the coat. The conviction that it is unique and beautiful. The slight jolt because the final business transaction takes place briskly in your mother tongue.

THE polite farewells. The exquisite formality. The last few errands. The waning excitement. The doubt. The uncertainty. The creeping fear that whatever it may have been in French, in plain English the coat was terrible. The sane conclusion that, after all, it was probably just like most of the others and at least while you were buying it you had a lovely time.

—ALICE FRANKFORTER

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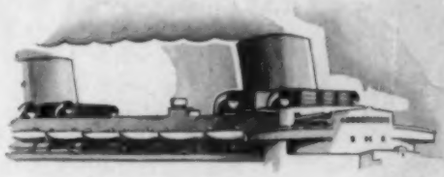
HMM

[*From the Tampa (Fla.) Daily Times*]

NOTICE—Venice land owners, all who have lost investments at Venice are invited to meet at farm 149, Venice, to devise means of recovering their losses.



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THE LETTER OF REGRET

"WHAT would you honestly say, Mary? I mean how would you sort of word it and everything like that? . . . But, I don't *dare* come right out and say I can't come. I mean that's sort of trite. If you were writing it, would you start off as though you were pretty broken up? I mean I could start off by saying that there's nothing in the world I'd rather do or something like that, and then in the second paragraph I could sort of say 'I've got a perfectly frightful cold and Mother doesn't think I'm well enough to leave the house.'

"Oh, no, Mary; not the first paragraph, would you? You mean start in by saying 'You were perfectly wonderful to ask me up to Williamstown,' and then switch into what a rotten cold I've got and how he can probably get another girl and all that? . . . I can't come right out and say 'I simply can't make it, Joe.' It's too sort of stock. . . . How about being all broken up over not being able to go? I mean do you think he will think I'm too sort of intimate if I'm 'broken up'? . . . I've simply *got* to say something, Mary; I really and truly can't get out of it. I mean he knows Mother quite well and everything and I've simply got to say something nice to him. I've already told Joe's mother that Joe was a perfect peach to want me and, I mean, I can't tell him the same thing because probably his mother has already told him that I think he was a peach to ask me. He'd think I was dizzy if I told him the same thing.

"I KNOW it, my dear. I never know what to say either. I suppose I could say that I'd rather go to Williams than any other party I know, but then, I mean, he'd probably ask me up again to mid-years and I'd have to get out of it all over again. . . . Mary! I wouldn't dare say that. I mean, that's sort of rubbing it in to say he can probably get a dozen girls better than me. I mean, he knows I know he's perfect nuts about me and all that, darn it all. . . . I'd *adore* to go to Williams, foolish, but Joe is only a freshman and isn't on a team or anything like that. . . . 'If the prom had only been last week' isn't bad. I mean that sort of sounds as though I would have gone with him last week. Do you see what I mean? Oh, no; it sounds too much as though I'd go to the mid-years with him, and I can't have a cold every time he asks me. I want to say something that

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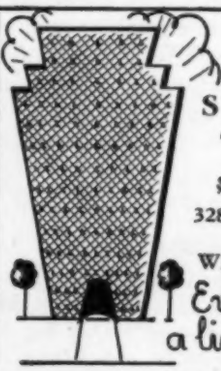

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sounds really and truly sincere, though.

"No. I can't tell him Mother won't let me go. I mean, he knows Mother would let me go anywhere with him. That's just the trouble with him—he's that kind of a boy. Anyway his mother and my mother have probably been talking and everything and I think Mother told her that I had a perfectly wretched cold. I don't want Joe to think that I'm giving him the gate because he might flunk out or something. I mean, you know how college men are that way. . . . I wonder if I can work in something like 'I'll be thinking about you the night of the prom;' or, I tell you, Mary: 'You were a perfect peach to ask me up and you know I'd barge right on up there if it wasn't for this rotten cold, but—' . . . That's all wet! Oh, Lord! why does that smack have to pick on me? Anyway I suppose it's just a form. I mean, after all, I could pretend I never got his invitation. I mean just ignore it sort of.

"I guess I'll start it 'Joe, darling.' That's not *very* much the bunk. But it'll sort of make up for not going. He'll probably get a great kick out of showing it to the other fellows. . . . Some girls can just sit down and bat these things right out so they sound the absolute nuts. I wish I could do it. I was perfectly lousy in essays and compositions in Westover—remember? Hell's bells! how shall I begin the damn thing? I'm getting fed up. . . . 'Joe, darling, in re yours of the third inst., would say, am sorry we can't let you take our Miss Chapman for the night of the twenty-fifth ult.'... Honestly; why don't they have stock regret cards for college freshmen, or something? I mean they could have a lot of boloney printed on and then all you'd have to do would be to fill in the blanks.

"I guess I'll just say that he was a perfect peach to want me. And then something about 'have a swell time' and 'you'll probably have a much better time without me' and 'I'll be there in spirit' and a lot of stuff like that. Do you think that will click with him, Mary? I mean does it sound sincere enough? I don't want him to think I'm not serious. I mean, does that sound as though I'm all broken-hearted?"

—JACK CLUETT

•

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RECENT BOOKS

Feuchtwanger's Latest—Hindu Spell—Mrs. Wharton—Unemployment—Peasant Life—The Colorful Warrior

WITH the publication of Lion Feuchtwanger's novel, "Success," your winter's reading is all cut out for you. It is seven hundred and eighty-one pages long—and none of your skimpy pages either, but close-packed with type. The subject is the state of Bavaria in general and the city of Munich in particular, and when you have finished you feel that you have lived in Munich for years and known every soul in town.

I disagree with the statement on the book jacket which insinuates that "Success" might be the story of any *Hauptstadt* of an agricultural community. Mr. Feuchtwanger's themes may be of universal application, but his settings are honestly and thoroughly localized. The whole point of "Success" is its intense study of the reactions of a certain type of racial mind to disturbing circumstances.

To sum up briefly and inadequately the sense of its vast, panoramic narrative: this is the story of the Martin Krüger case, one of those miscarriages of justice which, often trivial in themselves, affect a great number of lives. Mr. Feuchtwanger himself indirectly compares his story to the Sacco-Vanzetti case and reminds us that in the Recovery, years after the war, such stubborn political crises were common all over the world. Anyway, Krüger, a weak, harmless director of the national art museum, is sent to prison for a ridiculous offence of which he is entirely innocent. His prosecutors are tradition-bound peasants, and smug politicians making headlong use of their new power. The pages of the drama are crowded with the Beckmessers, Vogelgesangs, and Nachtigalls of "Die Meistersinger," looking a little foolish in their modern clothes and riding too ostentatiously in their motor-cars.

The book should be approached only by those who have the time and concentration to get the best out of it. It is not a volume to be toyed with or skimmed through. But to those with a hardy spirit, it is worth a dozen slighter and more pallid novels.

AS for me, I wish that "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer" were a longer and more thorough book. Francis Yeats-Brown has such an extraordinary story to tell that you have the feeling that he is suppressing much because he is afraid that you will not believe him, or that he is cutting short a remarkable experience out of deference to the traditional British reticence.

As a young subaltern, Yeats-Brown was sent to India. Instead of peaceably enjoying such sports as polo and pig-sticking and acquiring cirrhosis of the liver, Yeats-Brown fell a victim to more subtle dangers. With rare humility of mind, he tried to penetrate the mysteries of Hindu philosophy. Later he was called back to England, and his book carries you through the war years. The Indian chapters of his book are the best, because Yeats-Brown brought to his mystic adventures a wondering, inquiring, and uncritical mind.

"PHILIPPA" is a genteel novel by Anne Douglas Sedgwick. It is Miss Sedgwick's contribution to the symposium on the Modern Girl. At the age of fourteen, Philippa impertinently involves herself in the affairs of her parents, becomes the storm centre in the divorce case, and is, in almost all ways, a complete nuisance. Miss Sedgwick writes well—up to a point—and there are those who hang on her every word. But the book, for all its observant character drawings, has a mincing refinement that robs it of vigor and conviction. You come to feel that if you were unhappily obliged to put up with any of these most awfully correct and intellectually earnest people in

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real life, you would run screaming from the room.

Of course, if you dearly adore Miss Sedgwick, don't let me disillusion you.

NOW Mrs. Edith Wharton is something else again. Mrs. Wharton has a healthy and robust mean streak; she is rather a cat. "Certain People" is disappointing in that it is only a collection of short stories and not the annual Wharton novel. However, they are good short stories, and not all in one tone and manner. I liked best the story about the ghastly dinner party given by the insane old social leader to the senile man-about-town. But then I am partial to stories of dinners which are attended only by phantom guests. It's an old dramatic device, but it never fails to enchant me.

JOHN HELD'S "Dog Stories" is also superior. Mr. Held is an artful writer. In the first place, he knows that it isn't true that a dog is almost human; he realizes, too, that a Scotty and a Pekinese have different types of minds. Also, in these stories, the dogs are pathetically bound to their masters, so you are really reading stories about human beings presented through the eyes of animals. These tales are told with skill and individuality, and the illustrations are perfectly grand.

WHO am I to comment on "The Treasurer's Report," by Robert Benchley? If you don't know Mr. Benchley's writings by this time, it is too late for you to do anything about it. The book contains, among other rare humor, that piece about the old Waldorf called "If Their Old Walls Could Talk," which is one of my favorites. The pictures are by Gluyas Williams. The Williams-Benchley combination ought to interest scientists, for here is a case of a single personality divided between two men. So the Williams pictures, instead of looking like illustrations, seem to spring spontaneously from the text.

"THE JOHN RIDDELL MURDER CASE," by John Riddell (Corey Ford), is not only good burlesque but good literary criticism. Mr. Riddell kids some of our most prominent literary figures and is helped along by the caricatures of Covarrubias.

The mystery market of the week is very bullish. Farrar & Rinehart—the old darlings!—have gathered together some of Mary Roberts Rinehart's best mystery stories and clapped them into

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one volume. You will be surprised how well "The Man in Lower Ten" stands the test of time. I am sorry that "The After House" wasn't included. To me, it is a masterpiece of horror. The book is called "Mary Roberts Rinehart's Mystery Book." —A. W. S.

MORE BOOKS

I TAKE it that, you all being intelligent and inquiring (come now, you know you are), you occasionally like to hear something other than "Fifty Favorite Heart Songs" in music, and in books, likewise, you are interested in things that don't quite conform to the usual pattern. At least, that is the idea I've been going on, and you must stop me if I'm wrong. I can't, at any rate, think of any other justification for my recommending that you read "Some Folks Won't Work," by Clinch Calkins. You'll certainly be much happier if you don't—much more at ease in the theory that poverty is purely the result of laziness, as success is of hard work.

The title is, of course, ironic, and quotes the smug catchword so often offered as an answer to the problem of unemployment. The book itself draws its material from a survey made last year (before the crash, mind you!) by a national organization of settlement-workers; and proves, by a kind of hammering-home of instance after tragic instance, how fundamentally helpless the individual is in the economic structure today—how a change in fashions in New York, for instance, can foredoom a certain millworker in Rhode Island inevitably to the loss of his half-paid-for cottage and change the whole structure of his life. The book is something more than a mere cataloguing, however; Mrs. Calkins writes with great restraint, but she has a sympathy for her subject born of a wider outlook than that of the average student of unemployment, and when she lets herself go her style rises to a sombre, somewhat metaphysical beauty of its own. As sociology, the book presents little that's new, offering in the end as partial solution of the problem the familiar unemployment-insurance idea. Moreover, it's extremely depressing. But, Lord! how good for our souls!

ANOTHER book that's somewhat out of the ordinary is "Song of the Wheatfields," by Ferenc Móra, and if you were to read this and the Calkins book together, you would probably be drawn into curious musings, pro and con, about social systems foreign and domestic. Móra is a Hungarian writer, and this is his first book to be translated into English; it's about Hungarian peasant life, and is written, it seemed to me (who have never been in Hungary in my life), with considerable authority.

The story is loose-jointed and rambling, involving a village patriarch, his children, and even his grandchildren, making their way through the bewildering events during and just after the war—not to mention a rather vague and fortunately unobtrusive allegory about bread which runs through it all. Its charm is partly in the style, full of a kind of simple folk-flavor, happily carried over out of the original by the translator, George Halasz, but still more in the author's sound understanding of the European peasant's mind—his waiting way of deferring decisions until one side or other of a dilemma drops off of its own accord like a dead branch, his complete matter-of-factness in the face of death and birth. There is, for instance, a very moving death scene, not made any the less touching by the fact that Grandfather Matyas, although very sorry about it all, is still, without any shame or hypocrisy, busy figuring out how many acres of land will now accrue to him. It isn't all solemn, however, let me add; there's also a good deal of placid, pleasant humor.

THERE'S also the "War Letters of Fallen Englishmen," edited by Laurence Housman—unusual too, at least in arriving at this late date, but I can't quite recommend it. It's a compendium, as the title will already have told you, of selections from the letters of young Englishmen, all of whom later died on the field of battle. Mr. Housman starts with a very brave introduction, stating the belief that there is a kind of glamour and high glory about war which the gloomier writers haven't shown us, and there are moments when the book follows through—as when you suddenly understand, reading one of the letters, how splendid and simple it must have been to a young fellow just out of school to be able to boil the whole world down to himself and that mysterious antagonist, "the enemy." There are also instances of odd prophetic insight, as when one man, back in 1915, says: "By God, I can see the scene . . . before the peace, even during the armistice. The infantrymen will swarm over the parapets of the trenches on both sides . . . exchange

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every damned thing which they can spare. . . ."

STILL another book, also unusual: "Clamoring Self," by Leonhard Frank, a translation from the German. To tell the truth, I didn't finish it, though possibly some may like it. It's about a sensitive young German student, his reactions to love, to life, to Socialism—something, in short, on the theme of young Werther, and I even had a lot of trouble with Goethe's young man. Maybe the thing is that the mental struggles of all young German romantics leave me cold. The unusualness of this book lies principally in the style, which goes in somewhat for the stream-of-consciousness thing, mixing time, place, and events.

THE book this week that is not at all unusual is "Jeb Stuart," by Captain John W. Thomason, Jr., of the United States Marines. There is a military posture, a kind of flinging-about of titles in the mere presentation of the book, that at first repelled me, but it's really grand reading, after all. Jeb Stuart, with his crimson-lined cloak, his banjo minstrelsy, his hard-riding, singing troopers, was one of the last great figures before the death of chivalric warfare, and Captain Thomason brings out all his color. It's a long book, and you may get a little bogged down in some of the battles; but, then, we all ought to learn more about the Civil War, and reading this book is one of the pleasantest ways of doing it. It's also illustrated, rather well, by the author.

ANOTHER book well worth reading is the "Memoirs of Marmontel," now translated by Brigit Patmore and published in the Bourbon Classics series, edited by Richard Aldington. Marmontel, of course, was that now almost forgotten diarist of eighteenth-century France: a disciple of Voltaire's, he wrote serio-comic plays under the patronage of Madame de Pompadour, histories under that of the last Louis, and, finally, after the Revolution, the memoirs of his eventful life under nobody's patronage but his own. The memoirs alone survive, and give an excellent picture of the life, literary and social, of his time. —R. M. C.

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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

Fiction

SUCCESS, by Lion Feuchtwanger (*Viking*). A long, ponderous, but tremendously engrossing drama of modern Munich.

PHILIPPA, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick (*Houghton Mifflin*). Another modern girl makes a nuisance of herself, in a very genteel novel.

CERTAIN PEOPLE, by Edith Wharton (*Appleton*). Excellent collection of short stories by a lady who knows her stuff.

THE JOHN RIDDELL MURDER CASE, by John Riddell (Corey Ford) (*Scribner*). A lot of kidding. Pictures by Covarrubias.

DOG STORIES, by John Held, Jr. (*Vanguard*). Fine, unsentimental, and well-told stories, with elegant pictures.

SONG OF THE WHEATFIELDS, by Ferenc Móra (*Brewer & Warren*). Excellently earthy tale of Hungarian peasantry.

STAYING WITH RELATIONS, by Rose Macaulay (*Liveright*). The gayest of the new novels. Please read it.

THE WATERS UNDER THE EARTH, by Martha Ostenso (*Dodd, Mead*). A story of family tyranny, excellently written.

EVERY MOTHER'S SON, by Norman Lindsay (*Cosmopolitan*). Family life again—and a rather sordid story of adolescence.

A ROOM IN BERLIN, by Gunther Birkenfeld (*Liveright*). A slum tragedy written on a Grecian theme.

THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1930, edited by Edward J. O'Brien (*Dodd, Mead*). Extracting the gold from magazine fiction.

THE BEST BRITISH SHORT STORIES OF 1930, edited by Edward J. O'Brien (*Dodd, Mead*). What our cousins are doing in literature.

MOSAIC, by G. B. Stern (*Knopf*). A witty and gaily colored picture of a flamboyant lady. Continuing, of course, the drama of the Matriarch's family.

THE FOOL OF THE FAMILY, by Margaret Kennedy (*Doubleday, Doran*). More about the Sangers: this time Caryll and Sebastian are the chief actors in a fascinating story.

DAVID GOLDER, by Irene Nemirovsky (*Liveright*). The hard and sometimes repellent story of a Jewish gambler.

AS I LAY DYING, by William Faulkner (*Cape & Smith*). One of those experiments in the modern method, this on the minds of Southern white trash.

HE DONE HER WRONG, by Milt Gross (*Doubleday, Doran*). The Great American Novel, done in almost talking pictures.

THE DEEPENING STREAM, by Dorothy Canfield (*Harcourt, Brace*). A serene, sensitive novel about a charming woman. Worth your while.

MISS MOLE, by E. H. Young (*Harcourt, Brace*). The drama of a super-servant. A real and living picture of one of the season's best heroines.

MEMOIRS OF AN INFANTRY OFFICER, by Siegfried Sassoon (*Coward-McCann*). George Sherston, the English fox-hunting gentleman, goes to war.

A RICH MAN'S DAUGHTER, by R. H. Mottram (*Harper*). Spiritual deflation in England. Part of "The Spanish Farm" trilogy.

CAKES AND ALE: OR THE SKELETON IN THE CUPBOARD, by W. Somerset Maugham (*Doubleday, Doran*). The wickedest and most amusing of current novels. In which literary idols are shaken out of their niches.

QUIET STREET, by Michael Ossorgin (*Dial Press*). The novel of the Russian Revolution that you have been waiting for.

A NOTE IN MUSIC, by Rosamond Lehmann (*Holt*). Another excellent novel of muffled feminine emotions by the author of "Dusty Answer."

MORALS FOR MODERNS, by Elmer Davis (*Bobbs-Merrill*). Sharp and witty short stories.

ON FORSYTE 'CHANGE, by John Galsworthy (*Scribner*). Whether you like it depends entirely on whether you're on speaking terms with the Forsytes.

GREEN ISLE, by Alice Duer Miller (*Dodd, Mead*). Shrewd and excellently written novel of a virtuous heroine deftly exposed by the author.

THE EDWARDIANS, by V. Sackville-West (*Doubleday, Doran*). Witty and exquisitely written satire of the "fast set" of King Edward VII's reign.

Mysteries

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART'S MYSTERY BOOK (*Farrar & Rinehart*). . . . FOUR FAULTLESS FELONS, by G. K. Chesterton (*Dodd, Mead*). . . . THE MURDER AT THE VICARAGE, by Agatha Christie (*Dodd, Mead*). . . . THE PICCADILLY MURDER, by Anthony Berkeley (*Crime Club*). . . . THE MYSTERY OF HUNTING'S END, by M. G. Eberhart (*Crime Club*). . . . DEAD MAN TWICE, by Christopher Bush (*Crime Club*). . . . THE BEAUTY-MASK MURDER, by Viola Brothers Shore (*R. R. Smith*). . . . STRONG POISON, by Dorothy L. Sayers (*Brewer & Warren*).

General

THE LIVES OF A BENGAL LANCER, by Francis Yeats-Brown (*Viking*). An Englishman falls under the enchantment of India and writes about it glowingly.

THE TREASURER'S REPORT (And Other Aspects of Community Singing), by Robert Benchley (*Harper*). Naturally, you'll want it. Pictures by Gluyas Williams.

SOME FOLKS WON'T WORK, by Clinch Calkins (*Harcourt, Brace*). A panorama of the jobless. Read it for your soul's sake.

JEB STUART, by Capt. John W. Thomason, Jr. (*Scribner*). A particularly glamorous picture of the gonfalonier of the Confederacy.

THE MEMOIRS OF MARMONTEL, edited by Richard Aldington (*Dial Press*). For your library, even if you're not amused by the eighteenth-century diarist's accounts of his amours.

CHICAGO SURRENDERS, by Edward Dean Sullivan (*Vanguard*). The lowdown on the Jake Lingle case. Swell reading.

THE THIRD DEGREE, by Emanuel H. Lavine

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(*Vanguard*). Exposing certain medieval practices in police circles.

FOUNTAIN OF LIFE, by Havelock Ellis (*Houghton Mifflin*). Some great essays collected in one volume.

YE OLDE FIRE LADDIES, by Herbert Asbury (*Knopf*). Firemen in plug hats.

SINS OF NEW YORK, by Edward Van Every (*Stokes*). A hundred and twenty prints from the *Police Gazette*, which ought to entice you.

SWIFT, by Carl Van Doren (*Viking*). Intelligent *causerie* on the famous Dean.

THE ADVENTURE OF SCIENCE, by Benjamin Ginzburg (*Simon & Schuster*). Careers and discoveries of great men of science, from Pythagoras on. Valuable.

NORTHCLIFFE, by Hamilton Fyfe (*Macmillan*). Good and very readable account of the history of popular journalism in England.

TAKING THE CURTAIN CALL, by Doris Arthur Jones (*Macmillan*). The letters of Henry Arthur Jones, collected by his daughter. A fine picture of fifty years of the English theatre.

AS WE WERE, by E. F. Benson (*Longmans, Green*). Gossip of Victoria's day, by the son of an archbishop.

R. V. R., by Hendrik Willem Van Loon (*Liveright*). Mr. Van Loon, in the guise of an imaginary ancestor, writes a diary that is also an excellent biography of Rembrandt.

PEARLS, ARMS AND HASHISH, by Henri de Monfried, as told to Ida Treat (*Coward-McCann*). A Red Sea smuggler tells his adventures without melodrama, but with plenty of excitement.

THREE VIRGINS OF HAWORTH, by Emilie and Georges Romieu (*Dutton*). The pitiful tale of the Brontë sisters. Doesn't try to wring out pathos but succeeds.

TWO YEARS, by Liam O'Flaherty (*Harcourt, Brace*). The Odyssey of an Irishman, and a study in unrest.

THE END OF THE WORLD, by Geoffrey Dennis (*Simon & Schuster*). Prose poem full of wonder and terror. Enough to scare you out of your wits.

GOOD-BYE TO WESTERN CULTURE, by Norman Douglas (*Harper*). The most brilliant—and probably final—answer to "Mother India." And a terrific attack on Mother England.

BEASTS CALLED WILD, by André Demaison, translated by Guy Endore (*Farrar & Rinehart*). Superb stories of African animals.

PYRAMID AND TEMPLE, by Julius Meier-Graefe (*Macaulay*). An art critic's journeys in the Near East, with interesting commentaries.

LETTERS OF HENRY ADAMS, edited by Worthington Chauncey Ford (*Houghton Mifflin*). A history of the Adams mind from 1858 to 1891. Plymouth Rock itself takes pen in hand.

PORTRAIT OF A DIPLOMATIST, by Harold Nicolson (*Houghton Mifflin*). In which Mr. Nicolson writes the biography of his father, a gentleman of the old school. An inside drama of the events that contributed to the World War.

PICTURE BOOK, by Murdock Pemberton (*Knopf*). Talks on modern art that are worth your while. Illustrated.

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BROCKTON, MASS., Oct. 23—A course in love-making is to be offered members of the Young Women's Hebrew Association here. Dr. E. McGillicuddy of the Massachusetts Society of Social Hygiene will lecture in the course.—*Wichita (Kan.) Eagle.*

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